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THE DAVIS-JULIEN SERIES OF READERS

EVENINGS WITH GRANDPA

BY

JOHN W. DAVIS

District Superintendent of Schools, New York City

Part I

FOR FOURTH-YEAR CLASSES

D. C. HEATH & CO., PUBLISHERS

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TO THE TEACHER

This series is based on the belief that thought and language are twin products, and that the teacher must deal with both in order to deal effectively with either. The teacher should remember that in order to make any vocabulary a working vocabulary, there must be much oral composition on the part of the pupils, with close attention and kindly criticism on the part of the teacher.

In Thorndike's "Education," you will find the "Law of Effect," on which this dictum is based, well presented.

The music and the phonic work prescribed should make for three things, if the exercises are properly conducted: good quality of tone, clear enunciation, and correct pronunciation.

The reading should be taken up at different times than should the allied English work prescribed for the pupils. It is not intended that this prescribed work at the end of an Evening should be finished in one lesson—it may take two or three.

The review pages, 341 and following, should be consulted by you, as they contain much matter the practice of which would be beneficial to your pupils. Among this matter will be found: practice in phonics; practice in forming the compound tenses of strong verbs; practice in word discrimination; and practice in the use of proper idioms — this latter for pupils of foreign birth or environment.

The reproductions of masterpieces of great artists are not intended for dissection by the pupils or the teacher. These should become a part of the mental make-up of the pupils through individual appreciation.

All underlined words, or parts of words underlined, in the text, throughout, are new.

J. W. D.

EVENINGS WITH GRANDPA

CHAPTER I

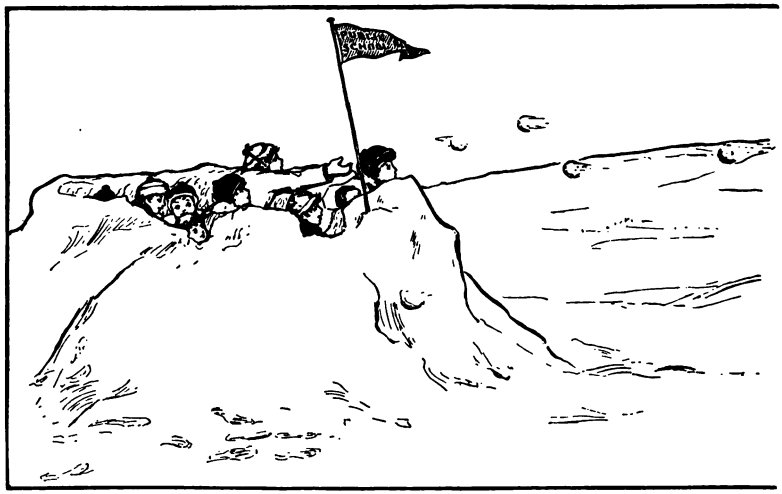
Smack! A good-sized snowball hit Ben in the eye.

"Ouch!" he yelled, dropping the snowballs he had in his arms, and stopping to wipe his face, so that he might see the fort his class was attacking. Then, picking up his ammunition, he rushed after his classmates who, in the meantime, had run ahead.

It was the yearly snowball fight between Ben's class and the one next higher. His teacher, Mr. Dickens, was the referee, the other boys and the girls of the school being the onlookers.

Ben's side was called the Blues, because of its leader's name, Blue Billy. The other side, the Reds, was also named for its leader, whom everybody called Redney.

Ben soon caught up with his fellows. Every one of the Blues was throwing at the fort. Not much damage was being done, however, as each of the Reds ducked whenever he saw a

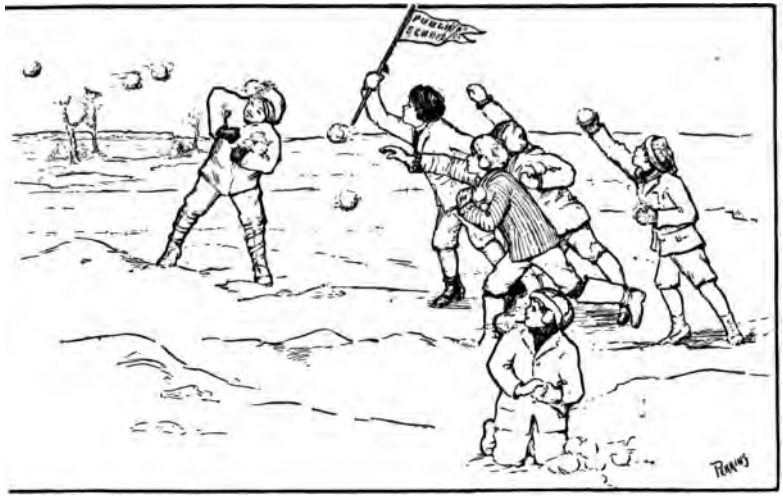


missile coming. But the Blues, having nothing to duck behind, were sure to suffer whenever the Reds fired a volley.

Finally, Blue Billy called his side off, and held a council of war. They planned as follows:

Ben was to take five boys and, at a given signal, attack the left side of the fort, while Pudgy was to open fire on the right. Later, they were, if possible, to unite their forces in the rear, in order to attack from that point. Blue Billy, meanwhile, was to attack in front.

While the Blues were making their plans, the Reds, under Redney's direction, were also



very busy. Some were making snowballs and piling them in handy places, while others were strengthening the fort.

As soon as everything was ready, Blue Billy gave the signal, and the Blues rushed to the attack. In a moment the air was full of snowballs. Ben was again hit in the eye. Pudgy was cheering his fellows on, when a snowball struck him in the mouth and stopped his cheers.

Redney climbed to the top of the parapet to see how things were going. An unhappy movement for him, for in the twinkling of an eye he was hit in forty places, and was compelled to retire to safety. He was not, however, the

only sufferer. Within a few minutes every Blue and every Red showed signs of the fray.

Ben's and Pudgy's parties worked around to the rear of the fort. This they did without the knowledge of the Reds, who were busy keeping off Blue Billy's crowd. Pudgy and his boys then helped Ben and his party to climb the parapet and, afterward, passed up ammunition for both. The crowd on top hastened to pull their fellows from below to a place beside them.

The united forces then filled their arms with snowballs, dropped into the fort, and the first thing the Reds knew, they were being pelted from the rear as well as from the front.

After this flank movement, it did not take long to decide the battle. Blue Billy's crowd came swarming over the parapet, and Redney had to surrender.

Each side gave three cheers for the other; and all together gave three cheers and a tiger for their teacher, who had made such a good referee. Then they went home to supper with good appetites.

After the meal, Ben, Belle, and May went into the sitting-room, where they found Grandpa in the old place that had so long been occupied by Grandma.

"Well, children," said Grandpa, "when Grandma left for Europe, she told me to take her place, and tell you stories in the evening as long as you are good children. I have always done what your Grandma has told me to do; so here is the beginning of a new sto —— But what's the matter with your eye, Ben?"

"Oh, we had a snowball fight this afternoon, Grandpa, and I ran against a few snowballs. You ought to see Redney's eye, though! It is worse than mine. Besides, he lost. We won."

"Well, Ben, there are a few lines, copied from a poem, hanging on a wall in one of the rooms at Cornell University, that Redney ought to know."

"What are they, Grandpa? Tell them to us, and I will give them to Redney."

"Here they are:

"'Be proud of your blackened eye;
It isn't the fact that you're beaten that counts;
It's how did you fight — and why?'"

"Humph! That's a good motto, Grandpa. I'll give it to Redney, and take it to myself, also, if you don't mind."

Here Belle interrupted: "You should have

seen Ben and Pudgy get to the back of the fort, Grandpa."

"Oh, ho!" replied Grandpa, "that's what we old soldiers call a flanking movement."

"Flanking, flanking!" exclaimed May, "what does that mean, Grandpa?"

"My dear," began Grandpa, "a body of soldiers on the march, or in battle, has a front, a rear, and two sides or flanks ——"

"Oh, I see, Grandpa!" interrupted Ben. "If the enemy can get by the flanks to the rear, then the soldiers would be surrounded."

"Just so," said Grandpa.

"I understand now what flanking means," said May; "but I should like to ask something else. When Pudgy, who is smaller than Ben, was pushing Ben up the parapet, the referee said, 'Pudgy is a Hercules.' What is a Hercules, Grandpa?"

"Draw your chairs a little closer," Grandpa replied, "and I will explain by telling you the story of Hercules."

Here the door bell rang, and in a few seconds voices were heard in the hall.

"Visitors!" exclaimed Grandpa. "No story-telling to-night!"

To the Pupils:

Ammunition, to the soldier, means the powder, ball, cartridges, etc., used in the discharge of fire-arms and cannon. The word is also used, as here, for any stock of missiles. **Referee** means judge or umpire. **Missile**, anything that may be thrown. **Parapet**, a wall; as used here, a wall to cover soldiers from an enemy's fire. **Appetite**, hunger. **Her'cu les** here means a strong person.

1. Copy the following, and use the proper word in each blank space:

The War of the Revolution came to an end in October, 1781, at Yorktown, Va. Here Cornwallis surrendered to Washington. The British marched out from behind their ———, their band playing, "The World Turned Upside Down." Of course, their ——— was left behind.

Every basket-ball game should have a ———

The ——— that David used in killing Goliath was a stone.

2. Pronounce: **Ae'rial, e vënt', ide'a, o bey', u nite'.**

The suspended bar (—̄—) is used to indicate a long sound somewhat shortened. Write the five given words, and place the suspended bar over each initial vowel. Under the letter *s*, the suspended bar indicates the *z* sound.

3. In the word **unhappy**, there are two parts; the stem or root, *happy*, and the prefix, *un*, meaning not.

Prefix *un* to the following: *Wise, friendly, true, welcome, certain, fair, holy, able, just, even.*

How have you changed the meanings?

4. Give the meaning of each of the following words:

unsafe	untruthful	unimportant
unmanly	untidy	untaught
unfair	ungentlemanly	unused
unselfish	unfamiliar	unceasing
unruly	unhurt	unreliable

How does dropping the prefix in each word change the meaning?

To the Teacher:

Phonic review, pp. 340-345.

Use for dictation: Cornell University is situated at Ithaca, N. Y.

Have Exercise 3 written, 4 oral.

FIRST EVENING

The Story of Hercules

"Now for the story of Hercules, Grandpa," said Ben, immediately after supper the next evening. The three children had drawn up their chairs close to Grandpa's big easy chair, and were looking at him, expectantly.

"Very well, children," said he, "I will begin at once:"

In the remote days when the Greek gods held sway over the earth, there was born to Jupiter a son, Hercules by name. His mother was a mortal.

I have no doubt that, if there had been a Barnum in those days, Hercules would have been one of his circus performers, for he was very brave and very strong.

When Hercules was but an infant, two large serpents came into the room, where he lay in his cradle with his brother, Iphicles. Hissing loudly, and darting out their forked tongues

THE FORGE OF VULCAN

like lightning, the serpents wriggled across the floor toward the boys.

Was Hercules frightened? Not at all. He rose in his cradle and, while his brother lay screaming with fear, seized the monsters by their throats and strangled them.

The young hero was so highly esteemed by the gods that, when he grew older, Mercury gave him a sword; Vulcan, with his hammer and anvil, wrought him a golden breastplate; Apollo gave him a bow and arrows; Neptune, horses; and Minerva, a robe.

Besides all these gifts, he had a huge club, cut from the Nemean woods.

While Hercules was yet a youth, two forms, Pleasure and Duty, each with rich gifts in her hands, appeared before him. He chose those offered by Duty, and ever after used his great strength mainly in overcoming evil beasts and evil men.

His favorite weapons were his club and his sharp arrows. He was a very skillful archer.

One day, in a fit of madness, he slew his children. For this crime he was condemned to obey the commands of his cousin, King Eurystheus, of Mycenae.

King Eurystheus immediately set him twelve tasks of enormous difficulty. Each task was harder than the one that went before. None of them was easy of performance even for a hero, but Hercules was successful, finally, in all.

The first task assigned him was to go to the Nemean Valley and to find there a huge lion that had been doing great damage. After he had found the lion, he was to kill it, and bring its skin to Eurystheus.

Hercules set out on his dangerous errand.

He found the savage animal and set upon it with his club and arrows. It was of no use. The lion was proof against these weapons. It seemed as if the hero would have to give up the battle. Suddenly, he dropped his club and arrows, seized the monster by the throat and, with his bare hands, strangled it.

Hercules returned with the dead lion on his shoulders, and presented it to Eurystheus. The latter was so frightened at the sight, and so astonished at the great strength of the hero, that he ordered him ever after to leave the proofs of his deeds outside the town.

His second task was the destruction of the Hydra.

This monster was shaped like a snake, and had nine heads, the middle head being immortal.

It dwelt in a swamp, where Hercules found and attacked it with his club.

To his surprise, he found that when he knocked off one head two new ones came in its place! He knew enough arithmetic to understand that if he kept on in the way he had begun, the Hydra would soon have a whole forest of heads.

He thought a minute, and then changed his plan. Instead of knocking the heads off, he burned them off. This method was successful with all but the middle head. Finally, he got rid of that one by knocking it off, and burying it under a huge rock.

The three tasks that followed were comparatively easy:

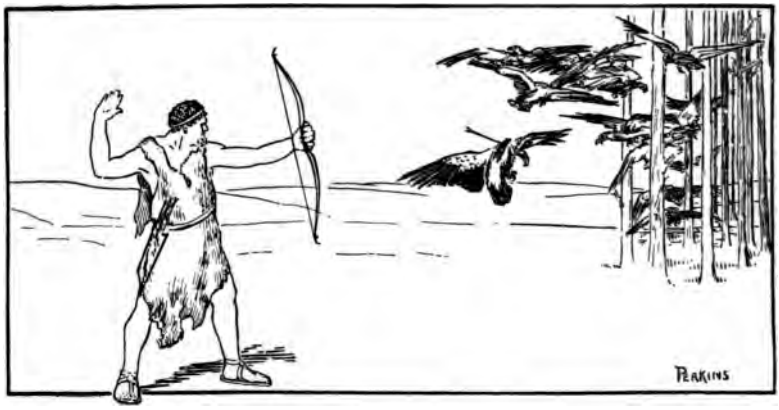
He killed a wild boar that was ravaging the surrounding country.

A WILD BOAR'S HEAD

He captured, and brought to King Eurystheus, a wonderful stag with golden horns, and hoofs of brass. This stag had killed all those who had hunted it before its capture by Hercules.

He overcame the Stymphalian birds. These were immense birds of prey, with very sharp beaks and claws. They had the power, too, of shooting feathers from their wings, — feathers sharp as arrows.

As you may imagine, they were greatly



KILLING THE STYMPHALIAN BIRDS

dreaded by the people. Indeed, even the cattle feared them.

Minerva helped him to overcome these birds by giving him a huge pair of clappers, which she had asked Vulcan to make.

With these, Hercules made a great noise, causing the birds to rise from the lake in which they lived. The lake was hidden from view by a thick forest. As they rose from the water in great flocks, Hercules killed many of them with his arrows. The rest flew far away, never to return.

At this point, the arrival of an old friend of Grandpa's put an end to the story-telling for that evening.

To the Pupils:

1. **A monster** is anything very large and ugly. **Immortal** means never-dying. **Huge**, very large. Put the proper word in each of the blank spaces following:

(a.) David killed the———————Goliath with a stone from his sling. (b.) Washington's name is ————. (c.) The elephant is a ———— animal.

2. In the word **dangerous**, there are two parts: the stem or root, *danger*, and the suffix, *ous*. So also in **wonderful**, there are two parts: the root, *wonder*, and the suffix, *ful*. Each of these suffixes means full of. *Ous* also means having the quality of.

Add the proper suffix to each of the following roots, and give the meanings: *Humor, joy, fruit, power, sorrow, courage, help.* Write the words thus formed.

3. The sound of *e*, as heard in *her*, is marked by the tilde (~), placed above the letter: thus, *hẽr*. Place the proper diacritical mark over the *e* in each of the following: *Term, fern, quern.*

To the Teacher:

The phonic exercise should be the pronunciation by the pupils, before their reading, of the following: **Iphicles** (ĭf′ ĭ klēs̨), **Mercury** (mẽr′ kū ry̆), **Vulcan** (vŭl′ kăn), **Nemean** (nē mē′ an), **Eurystheus** (ū ry̆s′ thūs), **Hydra** (hī′ dră), **Stymphalian** (stĭm fā′ lĭ ăn).

SECOND EVENING

"Well, Ben, how are your pigeons getting on?" inquired Grandpa, as the children came in next evening.

"They are thriving, Grandpa. You know I give them plenty to eat, and keep their loft very clean."

"That is very necessary," said Grandpa. "There is an old saying that, 'Cleanliness is next to godliness,' — a saying that applies to other animals besides us."

"Grandpa," said Belle, "you ought to know that Ben sold some of his pigeons, and bought a pair of new skates for May, as well as a pair for me."

"I am glad to know that you are so thoughtful and so kind," said Grandpa to Ben.

"Oh, that's nothing," replied Ben blushing. "The girls are always doing something for me." Then, to hide his confusion, he said, "Won't you go on with the story about Hercules, Grandpa?"

And Grandpa continued:

The hero's next task was the cleansing of the Augean stables. King Augeas had a herd of three thousand oxen, whose stalls had not been cleaned for thirty years. Hercules had to clean them out in one day. This he did by digging a canal, and turning the currents of two rivers, Alpheus and Perseus, through it into the stables.

His seventh, was to bring the Cretan bull to Eurystheus. This bull had been given to Minos, King of Crete, by Neptune. It had gone mad, and was doing great damage. Hercules not only captured the animal, but made it carry him on its back across the seas, on his way home.

In Thrace, a country nearby, reigned a wicked king, Diomedes by name. This tyrant fed his horses on human flesh.

The eighth task of Hercules was to get possession of these horses. He did so, after having first fed them with Diomedes himself. The horses then became so tame and gentle that they followed Hercules as if they were little lambs.

His ninth task was to fetch the girdle of Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, to the daughter of King Eurystheus. The Amazons were a nation of very warlike women.

Hercules crossed the Black Sea, and went to the country of the Amazons. He anchored his ship in the harbor, not far from the Queen's palace. Hippolyta and some of her women went on board, to see who had come among them.

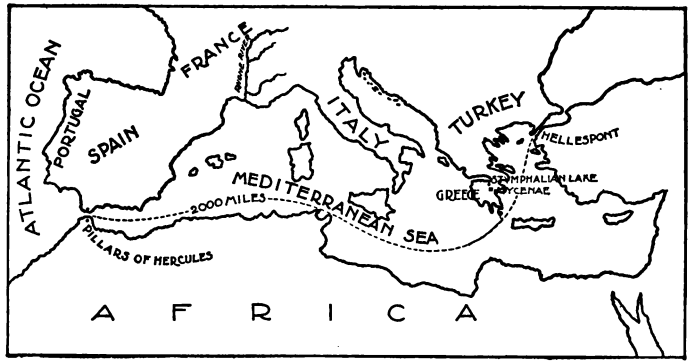
The Queen, who was brave herself, and who liked courage in others, welcomed the famous Hercules in a kindly manner, and then willingly gave him her girdle.

Juno, however, who did not like Hercules, took the form of an Amazon, went among those on shore, and told them that a stranger was carrying off Queen Hippolyta by force. The Amazons then armed themselves and, from all directions, rushed toward the ship.

A battle followed. The Amazons were overcome, Queen Hippolyta was killed, and Hercules, again victorious, was soon crossing the Black Sea on his way home.

On his arrival, Eurystheus ordered him to go to an island that lay just beyond the country where the sun sets, and bring back the red cattle of the giant, Geryon.

This Geryon was a most extraordinary monster. He had three bodies, three heads, six legs, and six arms, besides a pair of wings. He



SCENE OF THE EXPLOITS OF HERCULES

was the owner of a very large herd of cattle, which he kept, at night, in a dark cave.

To aid him in this, his tenth task, Hercules borrowed the golden cup in which the sun-god, Helios, was borne around the world, from west to east, every night.

This cup would float on the water like a boat, and had the remarkable power of becoming larger or smaller, according to the needs of the person using it. In it, Hercules was carried straight west for a long time, — farther west than any one had ever before gone.

He reached the shore of the Atlantic, broke a mountain in two, and pushed one half over into Africa and the other into Europe. Thus were formed the Straits of Gibraltar, the moun-

tains on either side of which are called the "Pillars of Hercules."

Oceanus, the god of the ocean, was angry with Hercules, and raised a great storm. The golden cup was caught in a whirling cloud of spray, and tossed up and down as if it had been a bubble. Hercules, to show that he was not afraid, aimed one of his arrows at Oceanus. The ocean god laughed heartily at this, and then quieted the waters.

When Hercules reached the island, he climbed a high mountain. From its summit he could look down over all the land, and see where the cattle of Geryon were feeding.

As he stood there, he was attacked by Geryon's savage two-headed dog. He killed the beast with his club. But hardly had he time to draw a long breath before he was set upon by Geryon's herdsman. This fellow was quite as savage as the dog, and would gladly have torn Hercules limb from limb. With a single blow from his heavy cudgel, however, the hero killed the herdsman.

He then went down to where the cattle were grazing in a meadow, and began to drive them away.

By this time Geryon himself had seen Her-

cules and came striding toward him, swinging six clubs at once with his six hands, and shouting death and destruction from all three of his huge throats.

He looked like a whirling windmill as he came down the hill, and would have frightened most people out of their wits. But Hercules, remembering his poisoned arrows, sent a shaft so straight that it made an end of the giant before he had come near enough to do any harm.

Gathering the cattle together, Hercules drove them into the cup of Helios, in which they were transported to the mainland. Thence he drove them through what is now Spain, France, and Italy, and at length delivered them to Eurystheus.

Here Grandpa looked at his watch, and said, "I must stop now, as I promised Mr. Dickens to see him this evening."

"That will give me a chance to learn all those hard names," said May, as they separated.

To the Pupils:

1. Supply the missing vowels, and pronounce correctly:

ang-l	Am-rican	hist-ry	equ-l
Apr-l	sep-rate	eleg-nt	Wedn-sday
ev-ry	reg-lar	mem-ry	horr-r
b-rd	comm-n	chor-s	mapl-s
lib-rty	drugg-st	cour-ge	pois-n

2. Pronounce carefully, and then use orally in sentences:

ripe pear	has gone	stars of glory
great pain	have known	days of danger
heavy dew	have seen	between you and me
low tide	had done	time and tide

To the Teacher:

Use for dictation:

Two well-known proverbs are: "Time and tide wait for no man," and "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

The phonic exercise should be the pronunciation by the pupils of the following:

Thri'ving, **Augean** (ŏ jē' ăn), **Alpheus** (ăl fē'ŭs) **Perseus** (per' sūs), **Cretan** (krē' tăn), **Minos** (mē' nōs), **Thrace** (thrās), **Diomedes** (dī ō mē' dēz), **Hippolyta** (hĭp pŏl' ĭ tȧ), **Amazons** ăm' ȧ zŏns , **anchored** (ăn kẽrd), **Geryon** (jē' rĭ ŏn), **extraordinary** (ĕks tror'dĭ nā rȳ), **Gibraltar** (jĭ bral'tẽr), **Oceanus** (ō sē' ă nŭs).

THIRD EVENING

When Ben and the girls entered the room, Grandpa looked up from the book he was reading, and said, "I am reading Robert Loveman's poems. Here is one that I think you should know. Shall I read it?"

"Please do, Grandpa," was the reply, as the children settled themselves; and Grandpa read:

A Deed

He did a deed, a gracious deed;
He ministered to men in need;
He bound a wound, he spoke a word
That God and every angel heard.

He did a deed, a loving deed —
Oh, souls that suffer and that bleed,
He did a deed, and on his way
A bird sang in his heart all day.

— *Robert Loveman*

— *Courtesy of the author and the publishers, J. B. Lippincott Co.*

Grandpa closed the book. The children thanked him, and he went on with the story of Hercules:

After Hercules had brought the cattle of Geryon to Mycenae, King Eurystheus, wishing the hero farther away than ever, sent him once more to the country beyond the sunset. This time the King's excuse was, that he wished to have three of the golden apples which grew in the Garden of the Hesperides.

Although all had heard of this famous garden, no one at Mycenae could tell Hercules where to find it. Some said it was far to the north; others, that it was far to the west. So, taking a middle course, he started off, and walked northerly, till he reached the river Rhone.

Here he found the river nymphs playing among the rocks. They told him that Nereus, the sea god, knew where to find the Garden of the Hesperides, but would never tell the secret unless forced to do so. They also told him that he must seize the sea god, and hold him fast till he had given the wished for information.

Thanking the nymphs for their kindness, Hercules followed the Rhone down to the place where it flows into the sea. Then he lay in wait behind some rocks, till the sun went down and the moon came up.

Presently, a queer little old man came up out

of the water and set about making himself comfortable for a nap on shore. The old man had short horns growing from his forehead, and his long hair and beard looked like a tangle of seaweed.

Hercules knew at a glance that this was Nereus. As soon as he saw him sleeping soundly, he ran out and seized the poor old sea god, as the nymphs had said that he must.

All at once, he found that he was holding a struggling stag! Suddenly, the stag became a sea bird, screaming to get free; the sea bird changed into a fierce three-headed dog; the three-headed dog took the form of the giant, Geryon, who seemed to have come to life again more savage than ever; and, last of all, Geryon changed into a monstrous snake.

During all this time, Hercules held on tighter and tighter; then Nereus, seeing that he could not frighten Hercules into letting go, took his proper shape again, and asked his captor what he wanted.

Hercules replied that he only wanted to know how he could get three of the golden apples that grew in the Garden of the Hesperides. The Hesperides, you must know, were the nieces of Atlas.

Nereus told him that if he would go down into Africa, where Atlas was holding up the world, that giant would get the apples for him.

So Hercules went down into Africa. Almost as soon as he had touched the African shore, he was attacked by an earth-born giant called Antaeus.

Antaeus was a giant of ferocious appearance, and of great strength. The secret of his wonderful strength was, that his mother, the goddess of the earth, made him stronger each time he touched the ground.

Hercules, knowing how Antaeus was being helped by his mother, lifted him high in air above the earth, and there strangled him.

It had been the boast of Antaeus that he had killed all travelers who had passed that way. He killed no more after his meeting with Hercules.

When his fight with Antaeus was over, Hercules lay down on the ground, and went to sleep. He soon awoke, feeling as if he were being stung by a thousand insects.

Sitting up and rubbing his eyes, what should he see but a great number of tiny people, no larger than bumble-bees. These were the Pygmies.

While he was asleep, they had been climbing over his body and attacking him with their little bows and arrows. Hercules laughed heartily at them, and tied a few of them in a corner of his lion's skin, to take to Eurystheus.

After this, he wandered about in Africa for a long time. At last he found the giant he was looking for. Walking up to him, he said, "See here, Atlas. You know your nieces better than I do, for I have never seen them. Won't you go to them, and ask them to give you three of the golden apples for me?"

To the Pupils:

1. Make a copy of the map on page 19, taking not more than ninety seconds in so doing.

Place a statement under it giving the same meaning as the one used on page 19, but differing from it in form.

2. Pronounce the words, **all** and **rude** (**u**=oo). Place this diacritical mark (··) under the proper vowel in each of the following words: *ball, fall, hall, small, tall, wall, brute, fruit, rule, true, spruce.*

3. Words pronounced alike, but spelled differently, are called **homonyms** or **homophones**; as, *prey* and *pray*. Make one or two statements regarding each pair of the following homonyms:

heard	sun	pale	pane	nose
herd	son	pail	pain	knows

4 (a.) Supply the missing vowel in each word, and pronounce correctly:

fam-ly	acc-pt	Androm-da
mis-ry	Ad-nis	As-a
pop-lar	anch-r	aut-mn
barga-n	bo-r	bos-m

(b.) Supply the missing consonants in:

Au-kland	ba-my	ca-m
a-kward	de-t	lis-en
a-ry	solem-	autum-

To the Teacher:

Exercises 1 and 2 should be inspected as they lie on the pupils' desks. During the inspection of 2, pupils should be asked to pronounce the words.

Exercises 3 and 4 may be oral exercises.

The phonic exercise should be the pronunciation by the pupils of the following: **Rhone** (rōne), **nymphs** (nĭmfs), **Africa** (ȧf′ rĭ kȧ), **Nereus** (nē′rūs), **Antaeus** (ăn tē′ ŭs).

FOURTH EVENING

When the children came in, Grandpa was busy with Lippincott's Magazine.

As they sat down, he looked up and said: "Hello, youngsters! I am reading something that puts me in mind of Ben."

"What is it, Grandpa?" asked Ben.

"You know, Ben, that you have lately fallen into the habit of talking quickly, so quickly, in fact, that you clip your words. For example, you say *hist' ry* for history; *dere* for there; and *gimme dat* for give me that."

"I know I have been careless, Grandpa. Mr. Dickens has told me about it, too. But, somehow, I forget."

"Perhaps you don't try to remember, Ben," said Grandpa.

"What are you reading, Grandpa, that reminds you of Ben?" asked Belle.

"Shall I read it aloud?" was the reply.

"Please do, Grandpa," was the answer. So he read as follows:

Some ladies were talking about a conversation between a man and his wife which had been overheard by them:

"They must have been to the Zoo," Mrs. A. said, "because I heard her say, 'a trained deer.' "

"Goodness me!" Mrs. B. laughed. "What queer hearing you must have! They were talking about going to the country, and she said to her husband, 'Find out about the train, dear.' "

"Well, did anybody ever!" exclaimed Mrs. C. "I am sure they were talking about music, for she said, 'a trained ear,' as plainly as could be."

The talk began to get warm and, in the midst of it, the woman herself appeared. They at once carried their case to her, and asked her what she had really said.

"Well, well! Isn't that curious?" she remarked, after hearing the version of each one. "I'd been out in the country overnight and was asking my husband if it rained here last night."

"I will try very hard to speak more slowly," said Ben, as the magazine was put aside.

Then Grandpa went on with his story:

"Humph!" replied Atlas. "While I am doing that, who will hold up the world?"

"Oh, that's easy," said Hercules. "I will." So he stooped down and took the world on his shoulders, while Atlas went to get the apples.

It was no trouble for Atlas to do this, for, as I told you before, the nymphs who kept the garden were his nieces and would do anything to please him.

When Atlas came back with the apples, he himself offered to carry them to Eurystheus, if Hercules would only hold up the world a little longer. He meant, however, that Hercules should hold up the world forever.

But Hercules saw through the trick, and matched it with another. He thanked Atlas, and asked him to take the world for a moment, while he found a pad which would make the weight much easier to bear. So Atlas took the world again.

Hercules at once walked off, taking with him the apples. Atlas shouted to him to come back, but he was soon beyond the sound of the giant's voice, and well on his way to Eurystheus.

Hercules had now completed eleven of his twelve labors. If he was successful in the twelfth, Eurystheus would have to set him free.

The last task was the most difficult and dan-

gerous of all. It was nothing less than to go down into Pluto's kingdom and fetch Cerberus, Pluto's three-headed watch dog, to Eurystheus.

This task he never could have done alone, as no living mortal was permitted, except by favor of the gods, to enter the Land of Shades. So Hercules got the help of Mercury and Minerva, who went with him.

They went down to Pluto, who gave the hero permission to carry Cerberus off, if he could do it without using weapons.

Hercules seized Cerberus. The monster raged and struggled furiously, but in vain. Hercules overcame and bound the three-headed dog, and took him to Eurystheus. The King, however, was so terrified by his appearance that his Royal Highness ordered Hercules to take him back to the underworld at once.

When Hercules brought Cerberus into the light of the sun, from the gloomy cavern which led to the Plutonian shore, the monster could not bear the brightness. He turned away his heads, and, struggling more than ever, filled the air with frightful howls.

The white foam from his deadly jaws was sprinkled upon the earth, and from it sprang up a poisonous plant, — wolfsbane. Because it

grew on the hard rock, the Greeks called this plant aconite, from a word meaning a whetstone.

By this time all the neighboring kingdoms rang with the fame of Hercules. Now that he no longer had to work for King Eurystheus, every king or noble who was at war with his neighbors, or who was troubled with robbers or wild beasts, asked him for help.

So Hercules still found plenty to do. In fact, he gave himself no rest, for he listened to every call, feeling that it was the work of his life to rid the world of all monstrous evils.

At last the time came when he was taken up to Mount Olympus to live with the gods.

It happened in this way: Hercules, as became a great hero, married a king's daughter. When he was taking home his bride, whose name was Deianeira, he came to a deep and rapid river.

As he stood on the bank, wondering how he could cross, the centaur, Nessus, came galloping up, and offered to carry Deianeira across on his back. Hercules accepted the offer. When the river was crossed, the centaur, with Deianeira still on his back, started off across the hills, running swiftly, for he meant to steal the bride.

Hercules called to Nessus to come back,

but, as he only ran all the more swiftly, Hercules sent one of his poisoned arrows after the centaur. Nessus fell to the ground, pierced by the arrow, and with the poison of the hydra spreading through his veins.

As he lay dying, he gave Deianeira a charm, which, he said, she should give her husband whenever he was unhappy. In reality, this charm was a deadly poison, for the centaur had dipped it in his own blood, which was filled with the poison of the hydra.

For many years after this, Hercules and his wife lived happily together, and Deianeira almost forgot about the centaur and his charm. But one day it was brought to her mind in this way:

Hercules had gone up on a mountain, where he had built an altar of rough stones. He was getting ready to make a burnt offering. He sent a messenger to Deianeira, asking for one of his most beautiful robes.

Here Grandpa paused, and looked meaningly at the children. The clock had just struck "bedtime."

To the Pupils:

Dē ī'ȧ neī' rȧ. Pronounce carefully, and then use orally in sentences:

I walked rapidly	lead pencil	it is I
between you and me	blue sky	it is he
give me that	English history	it is she
let me see	ivory white	this is better than
lean meat	faint heart	these are larger than

To the Teacher:

1. Insist on the pronunciation of final consonants, even if they be exaggerated.

2. Select pupils to dramatize the episode between Hercules and Atlas.

FIFTH EVENING

When Grandpa came into the room, the children were talking about the many difficult deeds Hercules had done.

Ben said that the destruction of the many-headed hydra was more difficult than the overcoming of either Geryon or Nereus; but Belle said just the opposite.

"Well, May," said Grandpa, "what do you think about it?"

"It seems to me that taking the place of Atlas and holding up the world was the hardest thing he had to do. For suppose he had stubbed his toe and dropped the world! Where should we be?"

"That's too hard a conundrum for me," replied Grandpa. "Can either of you answer it?" he asked, turning toward Ben and Belle.

"No, Grandpa," said they together. Then Grandpa went on:

Deianeira took the robe from the chest

where it had been laid away. As she unfolded it, a small package fell from its folds to the floor. It was the centaur's charm.

"It is possible my husband is unhappy," she thought. "I will give him the charm of Nessus."

Not knowing that she was using a powerful poison, Deianeira heated water in a kettle, put into it the contents of the package, and then steeped the robe in the poisoned water. As soon as the garment was dry, she sent it to Hercules.

It seemed to Hercules that his messenger, Lychas, kept him waiting a long time. At last, Lychas appeared with the robe.

Seizing it impatiently, Hercules threw it over his shoulders. Instantly he felt as if he were on fire. He tried to tear it off. As he did so, his flesh came with it.

In his rage, he seized Lychas by the foot, swung the poor fellow around his head three or four times, and then hurled him into the sea. Lychas was turned into stone as he fell.

Hercules knew that he was at the end of all his labors. He made a funeral pile of the great trees that he had torn up in his agony, mounted

THE END OF LYCHAS

it, spread out his lion's skin, and lay down with his head resting on his club.

Meanwhile his friends, thinking there was trouble on the mountain, went up to see what had happened. Hercules asked one of these friends to set fire to the pile. With great sorrow the man stepped forward and touched the logs with a burning torch.

Then a wonderful thing happened! All that could die, the mortal part, was burned to ashes. But the immortal Hercules, the real Hercules, came out from the fire all shining and glorious.

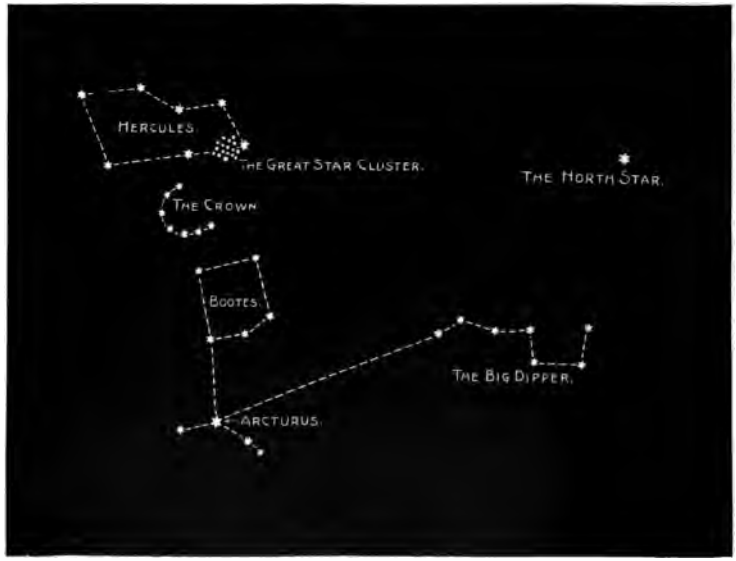
Just at this moment a rainbow — the bridge of Iris — appeared in the sky. A moment

JUNO (*Naples*)

afterward, Iris in all her beautiful colors, and Mercury with his winged shoes, came lightly down the rainbow bridge from heaven to earth.

They led the immortal Hercules to Mount Olympus, to live forever among the gods. Soon he married Hebe, the daughter of Juno.

"And some July evening," said Grandpa, as he finished the story, "if you look overhead at the clear heavens, you will see the constellation Hercules shining down upon us.[1] This is its shape," and Grandpa drew this:



THE CONSTELLATION

[1]On the meridian at the latitude of New York City at 9 P. M., about July 15th; at 12 midnight, about June 1st; at 3 A. M., about April 15th. It can be well seen for several hours before and after it is on the meridian

"This brings to my mind one of Barry Cornwall's beautiful thoughts," said Grandpa, as the children looked at the drawing.

STARS

They glide upon their endless way,
  Forever calm, forever bright;
No blind hurry, no delay,
  Mark the Daughters of the Night;
They follow in the track of Day,
  In divine delight.

Shine on, sweet-orbèd Souls for aye,
  Forever calm, forever bright;
We ask not whither lies your way,
  Nor whence ye came, nor what your light.
Be still a dream throughout the day,
  A blessing through the night.
  —*Bryan Waller Procter* (*Barry Cornwall*).

"Oh, that is beautiful, Grandpa," said Belle. "I will copy it in my commonplace book."

"A good idea," replied Grandpa. "You may all copy the drawing, too."

The children began to draw the constellation, so as to fix its shape in their minds, while Grandpa went off to his books.

TO THE PUPILS:

1. A dialogue is a conversation between two or more persons. Write a dialogue that might have

taken place between Lychas (lȳ′ kăs) and Hercules. Let each speak five times.

2. Use the following homonyms in sentences:

threw	flee	to
through	flea	too
		two

3. The suffix *er* means *one who;* as, *robber,* one who robs. Note that *rob* is a monosyllable (word of one syllable) ending in a consonant immediately preceded by a vowel.

What is done with the final consonant when *er* is added?

How is the word syllabicated?

Add *er* to the following. Syllabicate as you write them, and mark the accented syllable in each. *Drum, run, swim, bat, hit.*

4. **Agony** means extreme pain. **Constellation,** a group of stars. Place the proper word in the blank space in each of the sentences following:

A. The North Star may be found by means of the ———— of the Big Dipper.

B. He lay in the last ——— of death.

To the Teacher:

After the inductive work is finished, help the pupils formulate the rule for spelling as well as the one for syllabication.

Lead the pupils to tell you that words like *teach* and *learn* do not double the final consonant because the final consonant is not immediately preceded by a vowel.

SIXTH EVENING

"Oh, Grandpa, we had a bully old time in the playground to-day," said Ben, as he and the girls came into the room.

"What kind of time did you say, Ben?"

"Bul — oh, excuse me, Grandpa, I meant a good time."

"What were you doing?"

"Playing a new game called 'Swat Ball.'"

"I never heard of it before. Do you know anything about it, girls?" said Grandpa, as he turned toward Belle and May.

Each of the girls said that she knew nothing of the game, and then Grandpa said, "Tell us how it is played, Ben."

Ben replied: "I don't know it very well myself yet, as we played it for the first time to-day. Redney's big brother Allen taught us."

"Doesn't he go to college?" asked Belle.

"Oh, yes!" replied Ben. "He is home from Cornell on a short vacation."

"Why 'Redney'?" asked Grandpa.

"Oh, we call him Redney because he has red hair and generally wears a red sweater," answered Ben.

"I am glad to know that Redney's brother is interested enough in you boys to help you with your sports," said Grandpa.

"It is pleasant, Grandpa, to have the big fellows help us once in a while. Allen says he is just a big brother to us all."

"The more big brothers, the more good boys," said Grandpa. "But go on, and tell us how you play

SWAT BALL."

"Well, Grandpa, the forty-four fellows in our class made two teams of twenty-two each. The ammunition of each team consisted of twelve basket balls.

"Allen lined the teams up facing each other and about twenty feet apart, with the ammunition lying at the feet of the members of each team.

"When Allen blew the whistle to start, each fellow tried to get a basket ball and hit one of the opposing side with it, just as in a snowball fight.

Le Brun, 1619–1690 *London*

PORTRAIT OF A BOY IN RED

"When any fellow was hit, he had to drop out of the game. He was not even permitted to pick up the ball that had hit him. Other members of his team could, however, and they used the missiles of the enemy in returning the attack.

"Pudgy, Bouncer, and I had a funny triangular duel.

"Pudgy was on the opposing side. I ran up to get a good shot at him, just as he was about to throw at Bouncer.

"Bouncer was on my side, but seeing me so near the enemy's line, he thought I was one of them, and he aimed at me.

"The three of us threw at the same minute, and each missile hit its victim on the shoulder. Just then the whistle blew to end the game."

"But who won?" asked Grandpa.

"It was a draw, Grandpa. When a fellow was hit, he was dead; and twenty had died on each side."

"Well," said Grandpa, "how about that triangular duel? You know a triangle has three sides, and a duel is a fight between two persons."

"I can't explain it, Grandpa. I read about

a triangular duel in Marryatt's 'Peter Simple,' though."

"Yes," said Grandpa, "I remember reading it many years ago. Well, if Marryatt uses triangular duel, I suppose we shall have to let Ben use it, too."

"Grandpa," said May, "I like that big brother idea, don't you?"

"Yes, big brothers can be very helpful. By the way, children, I have never told you of two big brothers of whom the Greeks were very proud, have I?"

"What are their names, Grandpa?" asked Ben.

"Prometheus and Epimetheus," was the answer.

"No," chorused the children in reply, so Grandpa began

The Story of Prometheus and Epimetheus.

When the earth was finished, Jupiter told Prometheus and his brother, Epimetheus, that he had work for them to do. This was to fill the water with fish, and the forests with beasts and birds. When this was done, Prometheus

was to make Man, and Man was to be greater than any other animal.

It was arranged by the two brothers that Epimetheus was to look after the wants of birds, beasts, and fishes; and when this work was completed, Prometheus was to look it over.

Epimetheus then gave different gifts to the various creatures; to one was given speed; to another, strength; to this one, wisdom; and to that, courage. To some were given wings; to others, fins; and to others again, coverings of shell. With these gifts, the beasts, birds, and fishes could provide for their wants and protect themselves from their foes.

Then came Man. Prometheus made him stand upright. While all other animals turn their faces downward and look to the earth, Man raises his face to heaven and looks at the stars.

"Well, that's enough for this evening," said Grandpa as he glanced at the clock. "I have a little work to do."

"And we have our lessons to look over," said Belle.

So they separated for their several duties.

To the Pupils:

1. Turn to page 42. Add the suffix *ing* to the root words given in exercise 3, last paragraph, and write them, syllabicating as you do so and marking the accented syllable in each.

2. Use the following homonyms in sentences:

fir	sum	two	ate	reign
fur	some	too	eight	rein
		to		rain

To the Teacher:

Inspect and correct the pupils' exercises.

Phonic review, pp. 340-345.

SEVENTH EVENING

Belle came in alone, and Grandpa noticed that she had a frown on her face.

"Hello, Mistress! Why so gloomy-looking?" asked he.

"Oh, nothing's gone right to-day, Grandpa! I missed my spelling in school, and I was so stupid and awkward in the folk-dancing after school that the other girls made fun of me."

"Well! well! well!" was all that Grandpa said.

"Yes, and that nasty little cat, Tillie, made faces at me."

"Softly, softly," said Grandpa. "And what did you do?"

"I made faces back at her, of course."

"Oh, no! not 'of course,' Belle. It takes two to make a quarrel, and if Tillie was so unladylike as to make faces, you lowered yourself to her level when you made faces back at her. Because she was a cat, there was no reason why you should be one, too."

"That's so, Grandpa. I was so angry that I didn't think."

"Well, Belle, your 'didn't think' and Ben's 'I forgot' are a precious pair! But smooth that frown from your face, and, when Ben and May come in, I will read you something out of the *Kansas City Star* which a friend has just sent me. Then I want you to learn the poem by heart."

In a few minutes, Ben and May came in, and then Grandpa read from the paper:

IF

If in a bird-heart, beating 'neath the gray,
There chants a song, no matter what the day —
If in a bird-heart happy sunbeams shine,
Why not in mine?

If in a flower-face, beaten down by rain,
The hope of clear skies be, in spite of pain —
If in a flower-face a great hope shine,
Why not in mine?

— *June Edna Bellman.*
Courtesy of the author and "The Star."

When Grandpa looked up from his paper, Belle was smiling. Soon she said, "Thank you, Grandpa. I will learn the poem, and I will think about it, too."

Then Grandpa went on with the story of Epimetheus

But, alas! Epimetheus had been so generous with his gifts, that there seemed to be nothing left for Man. He had given everything to the beasts, birds, and fishes.

There stood Man. Without wings, he could not fly. Without fins, he could swim neither so far nor so fast as the fish. And most of the beasts were speedier than he.

Epimetheus went to his brother and said: "What can we do for Man? He has less protection than bird, fish, or beast. He has neither fur nor feathers, wings nor fins, speed nor strength. He is at the mercy of all animals larger and stronger than himself. What can we do for him?"

Prometheus thought the matter over for some time. Then he said to Epimetheus, "I will go to Minerva and ask her advice."

To Minerva he went, and when he had told his story she said: "Fetch fire from the sun, and teach Man its use. I will help you to do this. With the aid of fire you will enable him to overcome the strongest beasts."

"That is a good idea," said Prometheus.

THREE USES OF FIRE

"I will fetch fire to these weak creatures, even if I lose my life in the attempt." And away he went with Minerva on his errand of mercy.

It was a dangerous task, for Jupiter would not permit fire to be taken from the heavens. But Prometheus was brave; besides, he had Minerva to help him.

At the chariot of the sun, Prometheus lighted a torch, and then very slowly and carefully he came down to earth with the fire that he had stolen.

Then was Man taught by Prometheus and Epimetheus the use and power of fire.

With this gift, Man was more than a match for all the other animals. It gave him the mastery over everything.

With fire, the wild beasts were kept at bay, iron weapons were wrought, food was cooked, and the rude cave was made warm and comfortable when the cold winds came.

Prometheus, too, instructed Man in the arts — in fact, in everything that requires forethought.

To the Pupils:

1. Copy the poem "If" and memorize it.

2. Put the diacritical marks over the vowels in the following words:

fray	back	play	cane	cap
ball	term	her	blow	bold
got	small	tune	pure	fun
cruel	rule	obey	bird	create

To the Teacher:

The pupils should check their words in the second exercise from your work on the blackboard.

Phonic drill, pp. 340-345.

EIGHTH EVENING

When the children had seated themselves, Belle asked, "Wasn't Prometheus punished for the theft of fire, Grandpa?"

"Yes," replied he. "Jupiter was very angry, and to punish Prometheus, had him chained to a rock. Further, he bade an eagle go daily and eat the liver of Prometheus. At night it grew again. Thus the agony was ceaseless."

"Poor, poor fellow," said May.

"Well may you say that," continued Grandpa, "for this went on for hundreds of years. The eagle appeared every day, and tore his flesh

with his claws and beak. At last, Hercules came along, and seeing what the eagle was doing, he fixed an arrow to his bow and shot the bird. Then, tearing apart the chains that bound Prometheus, he set the fire-bearer free."

"That Hercules was a wonderful fellow, Grandpa," said Ben.

"And what became of Epimetheus?" asked May.

"Well," replied Grandpa, "you will hear about him." And Grandpa told the story of

PANDORA.

Next came Woman. She was made in heaven, and every god gave something to make her perfect.

One gave her a tender, loving heart that could not be cruel, even to the smallest creeping thing. Venus gave her a beautiful form, and eyes in which the light of the sun-god, Apollo, always shone. Apollo gave her a love for music and beauty. Another god gave her a love for home and for little children.

Having gifts from all of the gods, she was named Pandora, which is Greek for *all gift.*

They dressed her beautifully, and crowned

VENUS OF MILO (*Louvre*)

her with flowers. Then Mercury led her to the house of Epimetheus.

Prometheus had warned his brother against taking any gift from Jupiter, for he knew that the god was very angry with the brothers for taking fire from heaven, and with man for receiving it.

But Epimetheus forgot all his brother's warnings when he saw the beautiful Pandora. He made her his wife.

Now, there stood in the house of Epimetheus a covered box, in which were all the evils and plagues that for ages have beset mankind. Only one good thing was in the box, and that lay at the very bottom.

Naturally, one of the first things Epimetheus did when Pandora came, was to show her the home which was to be hers. When they came to the box, he warned her never to lift the cover.

For a time, Pandora was so busy and so happy in her new home that she forgot all about the box. But one day Epimetheus went away, and Pandora, being lonely, looked about for something to do that might help her to pass the time.

Just then she spied the box. I forgot to tell

PANDORA AND THE BOX

you that it was a beautiful box, beautifully carved, and covered with pretty pictures.

She sat down in front of it, just to admire it, she said to herself. After looking at it for some time, she began to play with a queer-looking, brightly colored cord with which the cover was fastened.

"Humph! Mrs. Curiosity, — just like Mrs. Bluebeard," interrupted Belle

Pandora said afterward that she never knew just how it happened, but happen it did. The cord came untied, and, try as she would, she could not tie it again. Some people say that it could not be tied again, because it was a

magic cord that had been enchanted by great Jupiter.

However, I do not know much about that; but this I do know: Pandora at first was very much alarmed when she found that she could not tie the cord, for she thought something unpleasant would happen. But nothing happened, and soon she began to wonder what would occur if she peeped into the box.

As she sat thinking about it, Epimetheus came to the door. Alas! He was too late, for just then Pandora raised the cover a little, — a tiny, tiny bit. But small as it was, there came out instantly a swarm of insects that stung Pandora and Epimetheus.

Then followed Hate and Envy, Anger and Revenge, to torture the minds of men; then came fevers and colds, and sicknesses of all kinds to torment the body.

Swarm after swarm came out and attacked them, until they were in an agony of pain and begging for mercy.

Now came a gentle tapping on the under side of the lid. Listening, they heard a sweet voice saying: "Please let me out. I am Hope."

Hope was the one good thing I told you about, that lay in the bottom of the box.

Pandora lifted the cover as high as she could, and out stepped a beautiful maiden, who said: "I am sent to heal the wounds made by the evils and the plagues when they flew out of the box."

And so, to this day, when Man is worried and ill, he has Hope, let out of Pandora's box, ages and ages ago, to cheer and comfort him.

To the Pupils:

Write the following headings at the top of a sheet of paper, and then place each one of the given words under its proper heading:

Parts of the Body Parts of a House Ailments
Animal Kingdom

The words are: Liver, eagle, heart, door, eyes, window, ears, fever, bird, floor, fish, cow, sponge, dog, man, stomach, coral, chimney, nose, elbow, ceiling, closet, cough, sill, lintel, elephant, croup, diphtheria, Esquimau, robin, carp, measles.

To the Teacher:

Have the pupils exchange papers when they have finished, and correct them from your work on the blackboard. A time limit should be placed on the exercise.

Phonic review, pp. 340-345.

NINTH EVENING

It was Sunday. Grandpa and the children were sitting around the table, reading.

"Grandpa," said Belle, looking up from her book, "excuse me for interrupting you, but here is a little poem that reminds me of what you told me the other night, when I was a little cat."

"That's interesting," replied Grandpa. "Ben and May would like to hear it, I have no doubt, and so should I." Then Belle read

Contentment.

There was a man who smiled
Because the day was bright;
Because he slept at night;
Because God gave him sight
To gaze upon his child.
Because his little one
Could leap and laugh and run;
Because the distant sun
Smiled on the earth, he smiled.

He toiled, and still was glad
Because the air was free;

Because he loved, and she
That claimed his love, and he
Shared all the joys they had.
Because the grasses grew;
Because the sweet wind blew;
Because that he could hew
And hammer, he was glad.

—*Courtesy of the Author, S. E. Kiser.*

There was silence for a few minutes after Belle had finished, and then May said, "I saw a man begging to-day, when I was coming home from Sunday school. As I passed him, he said to the man from whom he was begging, 'I am as poor as Lazarus, sir.' What did he mean, Grandpa?"

"Why, Lazarus was a very, very poor man, who, in spite of the fact that he was so poor, did all that he could to help others. Dives, on the other hand, was a selfish man, though very rich.

"But let me tell you the whole story of these men."

The Story of Lazarus and Dives

There was a certain rich man, Dives by name. He dressed in purple and fine linen and ate and drank of the best of the land. At his gate lay a beggar named Lazarus, full of sores.

Bonifacio Veronese *Venice*

LAZARUS AND DIVES

Lazarus desired to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table. As he lay at the gate, the dogs came and licked his sores.

"And now," said Grandpa, "let me read you the rest from the Bible." Taking the Bible from the table, Grandpa opened it and read:

And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom. The rich man also died, and was buried;

And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom.

And he cried and said: Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame.

But Abraham said: Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented.

To the Pupils:

1. **Dī'vēs.**

2. Copy the last two paragraphs, supplying the necessary quotation marks. Quotation marks are not used in the Bible. How are quotations indicated in it?

TENTH EVENING

"Well," said Grandpa, as the children came in, "you look as if you had been having a good time this afternoon."

"We have had a very good time, Grandpa," said Belle. "You know to-morrow will be Lincoln's birthday, but we had our exercises in school to-day. Afterward, Ben took May and me out on his sled."

"Yes," said May, "and Ben pulled us to the top of Indian Hill, and we had such fun! We coasted all the afternoon. You should have seen the man from Norway with his skees, Grandpa!

He jumped awfu — no, I mean, very far. About a mile, I think."

All Grandpa said, was:

"Hey! diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon."

May blushed, but said nothing.

"I should like to learn to skee, Grandpa," came from Ben. "You can make very fast time with skees, and while you can't jump a mile with them, you can make some long jumps coming down a mountain. I know May's Norwegian can, because I have seen him do it."

"Oh, yes, I know," replied Grandpa. "I have seen them make a mile in two minutes in Norway, and jump 120 feet. Not quite so far as May's jumper, but still a long jump."

"I should say so," exclaimed Ben. "Why, that is more than half a city block."

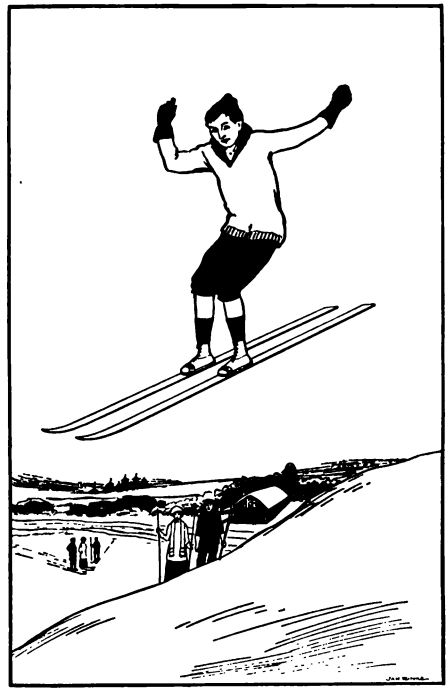
"So you see you could go very fast, Ben. But what would you do if you fell on your face? You know the skees are eight feet long or more."

"I am afraid I should stick fast, Grandpa, until some one came to raise me up."

"Perhaps, as you want them so much, Santa Claus will bring you a pair," said Grandpa.

"Perhaps I had better speak to father about them, Grandpa. I may get them sooner that way," replied Ben, with a twinkle in his eye.

"But, children, you haven't told me about



THE SKEE JUMPER

your school exercises to-day!" exclaimed Grandpa.

"Well," replied Belle, "of course there were some visitors on the platform. We had recitations, and we sang patriotic songs.

"When we saluted the flag we sang our 'National Anthem:'"

The Star-Spangled Banner

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming —
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the clouds of the [1]fight
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;

[1] The original text gave "perilous fight" as the ending of the third line. Key revised this, and "clouds of the fight," a stronger expression in every way, was substituted.

'Tis the star-spangled banner! O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation!
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto — "In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

"And do you know, Grandpa," said Ben, "that two of the visitors did not know enough

(*1809-1865*) ABRAHAM LINCOLN

to stand when the National Anthem was sung? The principal had to speak to them."

"That is strange," replied Grandpa. "I supposed everybody knew enough to stand for 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'"

"Lincoln was a very poor boy, Grandpa, wasn't he?" asked May.

"Very, very poor," was the reply. "And what was worse, May, when he was but little older than you, his mother died."

"Poor fellow!" sighed Ben.

"Afterward, his father married Nancy Hanks, and she took good care of Abraham and his sister, Sarah. They learned to love her dearly."

"I am so glad she was such a good woman," said Belle.

Grandpa went on:

"Lincoln's step-mother said of him long after: 'He was the best boy I ever knew. He never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused to do anything I asked.' That's something for all you youngsters to pattern after."

Here Grandpa looked at his watch and said, "Dear me! Time for your lessons."

And off went the youngsters.

To the Pupils:

Copy the first stanza of "The Star-Spangled Banner," and memorize it.

To the Teacher:

1. Test the pupils' knowledge of the first stanza, either orally or in writing.

2. For dictation, after the pupils have read the selection:

There is no geography in American manhood. There are no sections to American fraternity. The South claims Lincoln, the immortal, for its own; the North has no right to reject Stonewall Jackson, the one typical Puritan Soldier of the war, for its own.

—*Henry Watterson.*

3. Phonic review, pp. 340-345.

ELEVENTH EVENING

"Children," said Grandpa, looking up as they came in, "I am reading a book of English poetry; and I have found a poem that brings to my mind Lazarus and describes our loved Lincoln. Shall I read it?"

"Oh, please do, Grandpa," exclaimed the children, and he read

Abou Ben Adhem.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" — The vision rais'd its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanish'd. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had bless'd—
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

— *Leigh Hunt.*

To the Pupils:

1. Beginning with Abou in the twelfth line, write the remainder of the poem.

2. One of you, appointed by your teacher, will put the following questions to the other pupils. Ask each question, before calling on a pupil for the answer. The answers should be in the words of the poem:

Who awoke one night?
What did Abou Ben Adhem do?
What did he see?
What had made Ben Adhem bold?
What did he say to the presence?
What did the vision do and say?
What did Abou say?
What did the angel reply?
What did Abou say?
What did the angel do?
What happened the next night?

To the Teacher:

The first exercise should be collected, corrected, and returned.

Phonic drill, pp. 340-345.

May went up to Grandpa the moment she came in, and climbed into his lap.

As soon as she was settled, she said, "Grandpa, I heard something in school to-day I don't understand."

"Is that unusual, little one?" asked Grandpa.

"No, I don't think it is. Sometimes my teacher talks so fast and so much that my head won't hold it all," was May's reply.

"What is puzzling you? Perhaps I can help you," said Grandpa. Just then the other children came in and sat beside him.

"Oh!" said May, "one of the big girls, Sarah, was making fun of another girl, who was crying because she had missed her geography. And Sarah said, 'You are like Niobe, all tears.' Who was Niobe, Grandpa?"

In reply, Grandpa told

THE STORY OF NIOBE.

Niobe, you must know, was the daughter of Tantalus. She was married to Amphion, a

NIOBE (*Florence*)

great musician. They had seven sons and seven daughters, of whom Niobe was very proud.

Now Niobe was jealous of Latona, the mother of Apollo and Diana. When the people came to worship Latona on a feast day, Niobe ordered them to cease.

This made Latona so angry that she commanded Apollo and Diana to kill all Niobe's children. They obeyed, and killed all the beautiful children with arrows.

Amphion, on hearing the sad news, killed himself.

Niobe, left without her husband and children, wept day and night. Jupiter turned her into stone, but still she wept.

A whirlwind carried her to the mountains of her own country, and there she is still, — a mass of rock, from which a trickling stream flows, showing her never-ending grief.

"This, children," went on Grandpa, "is the poetical way the Greeks had of describing winter. Niobe is winter, and the tears mean the melting of snow and ice under the rays of the spring sun."

To the Pupils:

Copy the second stanza of "The Star-Spangled Banner," and memorize it.

To the Teacher:

1. Test the pupils' knowledge of the second stanza.

2. Use the first stanza of the following excerpt from Stonewall Jackson's Grave, for dictation, after having gone over it with your pupils. The second stanza should be copied by the pupils.

Phonic review, pp. 340-345.

Stonewall Jackson's Grave

A simple, sodded mound of earth,
With not a line above it—
With only daily votive flowers
To prove that any love it;
The token flag that, silently,
Each breeze's visit numbers,
Alone keeps martial ward above
The hero's dreamless slumbers.

No name? no record? Ask the world—
The world has heard his story—
If all its annals can unfold
A prouder tale of glory?
If ever merely human life
Hath taught diviner moral—
If ever round a worthier brow
Was twined a purer laurel?

—*Margaret J. Preston.*

THIRTEENTH EVENING

As the children came into the room they heard a *tootle-ootle* that surprised them, as they had not heard the like before.

OBOE

It came from Grandpa, who, with his music before him, was practicing on an instrument called an oboe.

"Oh, what a curious looking instrument!" exclaimed Belle, as Grandpa stopped playing, and put the oboe to one side. "What is it?"

"It is an oboe," was the reply. "We are going to form an orchestra, and I shall play either the bassoon or the oboe."

"Will the orchestra give concerts?" asked Ben.

BASSOON

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Oh, won't it be pleasant to go to hear you

play!" said May, as she rocked her doll, trying to put it to sleep.

"We haven't had any music for some time," said Grandpa, as he went over to the piano and took his seat at it.

The children found places around him, and he asked, "What shall we sing?"

"Let us sing a lullaby, Grandpa. Perhaps my dolly will go to sleep then."

BASS CLARINET

Grandpa turned over his music. Then he played, while they all sang:

REST, MY BABY, REST.

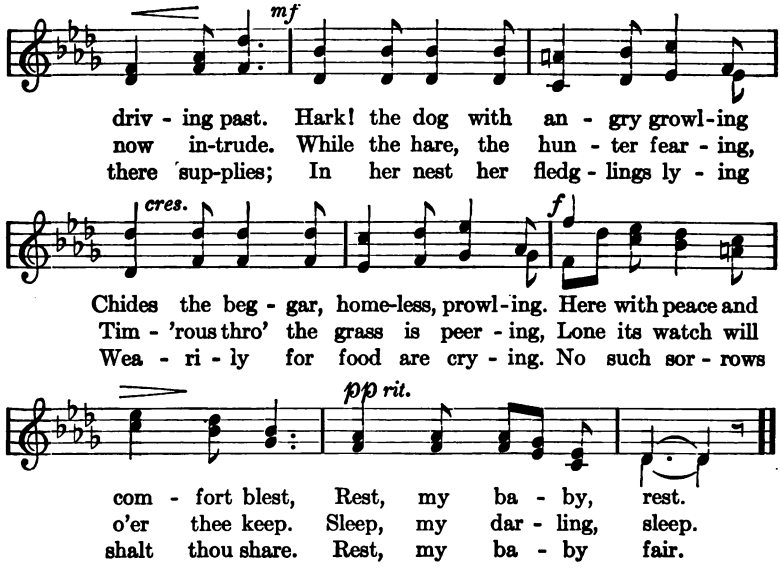
German Folk Song — W. LAMBERT

Not too slow

p

1. Rest, my ba - by, rest In thy down - y
2. Sleep, my dar - ling, sleep. On thy slum - ber
3. Rest, my ba - by fair, Free from ev - 'ry

nest. Hark! the rain is fall - ing fast, Wind and storm are
deep May no breath of clam - or rude, Pain, or trou-ble
care. Through the wood the pi - geon flies, Seek - ing here and



Just as they finished, in walked Mr. Dickens. He, too, was going to play in the orchestra, and he had brought in his new bass clarinet to show Grandpa.

So the children's music was over for the evening.

To the Pupils:

1. Finish memorizing "The Star-Spangled Banner."

2. Make a list of the names of such musical instruments as you know. Then arrange them alphabetically. Be sure of your spelling. Consult the Dictionary, if necessary.

GRANDPA'S LULLABY

To the Teacher:

1. Test the pupils' knowledge of the National Anthem.

2. Use the following as a memory gem for your class:

Stonewall Jackson's Grave

Rare fame! rare name! if chanted praise,
With all the world to listen;
If pride that swells a nation's soul;
If foeman's tears that glisten;
If pilgrims' shrining love; if grief
Which naught can soothe or sever,—
If these can consecrate, this spot
Is sacred ground for ever.

—*Margaret J. Preston.*

3. Collect, correct, and return the second exercise.

FOURTEENTH EVENING

"Ben, you forgot something again this morning," said Grandpa, as the children came into the room.

"I don't think I did, Grandpa. I cleaned my nails carefully after I had my bath, and then dressed myself quickly. I fed the pigeons before I had my breakfast, too."

"Yes, that's true," replied Grandpa. "But whose birthday is this?"

"Oh, I thought of it yesterday at school, as I went into the classroom. When I saw Washington's picture on the board, I remembered that to-day would be February 22. But I forgot it again this morning."

"Well, I put out the flag, as you had forgotten it."

"Thank you, Grandpa. I will try not to forget."

"I think," replied Grandpa, "that I shall ask Belle to remember for you, and you to think

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STATUE OF WASHINGTON IN THE STATE CAPITOL, RICHMOND, VA.

for her. But what was done in school yesterday in honor of the immortal Washington?"

"Oh," replied Ben, "we had our usual patriotic exercises, and Belle's class sang 'America' in two parts."

"They sang it very well, Grandpa," said May.

"Will you repeat the words of the poem for me, Belle?" asked Grandpa.

"With pleasure, Grandpa," replied Belle, and she repeated the words of

AMERICA.

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
  Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From ev'ry mountain side
  Let freedom ring!

My native country thee,
Land of the noble free,
  Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
  Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
  The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
  To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
  Great God, our King!

—*S. F. Smith.*

And this ended the evening.

To the Pupils:

Copy the first stanza of "America." How many exclamation points in it? Memorize it.

To the Teacher:

Test the pupils' knowledge of the first stanza.

Phonic review, pp. 340-345.

COASTING

FIFTEENTH EVENING

As the children came in, panting and glowing, Belle exclaimed, "We have had a splendid time on Indian Pond to-day!"

"I'm glad to hear that," was Grandpa's reply. "What were you doing?"

May said excitedly, "Oh, Grandpa, Ben and Belle were teaching me to skate! It was such fun!"

"Yes, Grandpa, and something very funny happened just as we were coming away," said Belle.

"What was that?" asked Grandpa.

"There was a man who tried to skate over the thin ice near the edge of the pond."

SKATING

"Not a wise thing to do, I should think," said Grandpa.

"It wasn't," went on Belle. "The ice broke and he tumbled in. When he scrambled out on the bank, a lady standing there said, 'My dear sir, how did you come to tumble in?'

"And the man replied, as the water dripped from him, 'My dear madam, to be frank with you, I didn't come to tumble in — I came to skate.'"

"A pertinent, if not a satisfactory, reply," was all Grandpa said.

"I wonder, Grandpa, if the Greek children

in those old days you tell us about had as much fun as we have?" remarked Ben.

"I think so," replied Grandpa. "I have read that they used to snowball from forts, play hopscotch, marbles, blindman's buff, hide and seek, leapfrog, and many other games that you play."

"Isn't that interesting?" said Belle.

"Yes, and they used to ask conundrums, too. Here is a very old one the Greeks used to ask one another:

> From a black sire my being springs,
> I soar aloft, but not with wings.
> Tears, without sorrow, to your eye
> I draw; and, scarcely born, I die."

"I know the answer to that," said Ben after a moment's thought.

"Don't tell," warned Grandpa. "Give the girls a chance. Come near the fireplace; perhaps that will help you to get warm."

Still the girls couldn't guess the answer. Finally, Ben said, "Look out of the window. See what is coming out of that chimney!"

And both girls said together — what?

To the Pupils:

1. Copy the last two stanzas of "America." Why is a colon used at the end of the third line in the last stanza?

2. Arrange the words of "America" alphabetically (Dictionary arrangement). To do this quickly, place each letter of the alphabet as a heading. Under each heading, put the words beginning with that letter. Then rearrange the words under each heading according to the Dictionary plan.

3. Prefix the prefix *un* to the following:

usual	natural	afraid
conscious	dying	aware
failing	ashamed	fortunate

How have you changed the meanings?

Use the first and last words in sentences.

To the Teacher:

Have the pupils exchange papers, and correct from your work on the blackboard. Divide 2 into as many exercises as is necessary, preferably one for each stanza.

SIXTEENTH EVENING

As the children and Grandpa sat around the table reading, May suddenly looked up from her book and said: "Grandpa, to-day in Sunday school, my teacher said something about Goliath. I don't know much about him. Won't you tell us?"

So books were put aside, and Grandpa told

THE STORY OF DAVID AND GOLIATH.[1]

What I am about to tell you, happened in Biblical days.

The Philistines were in camp on the ridge of a mountain, with the army of Israel on the opposite slope, and nothing but a valley between them.

Now there was a famous warrior, Goliath by name, in the Philistine camp. He was a giant, his height being six cubits and a span.

He was terrible to look at in his brass helmet and his heavy coat of mail. His legs also were

[1]Courtesy of Rev. Maurice H. Harris.

protected with brass plates, and between his shoulders was a brass shield; "and the shaft of his spear was like a weaver's beam."

"Come," said he, stalking forth into the valley, "let us settle this battle by single combat. I'm a Philistine, choose you an Israelite. If I am killed, then the Philistines shall be Israel's slaves; if he is killed, then you serve us."

In those days it was not uncommon when two armies met, to settle their affairs by single combat rather than by a battle.

But there seemed to be no man in Israel who was a match for this big bully.

When Goliath saw that no man came forth, — for, to tell the truth, the Israelites were very much frightened — he began to abuse them. He said, "I defy the armies of Israel this day; give me a man of Israel that we may fight together."

When the Israelites heard these words of the Philistine, the Bible says, "They were dismayed and greatly afraid."

But a champion was at hand in David, who was not only the sweet singer of Israel, but a soldier as well.

He had been told by his father to leave the

DAVID, THE YOUNG SHEPHERD

sheep, and go to the camp of the Israelites to inquire after his three elder brothers. They were in the army, and he was to find out what they needed.

David did as he was told. Off he started, taking with him an ephah of parched corn and ten loaves of bread for his brothers, with ten cheeses as a present to their captain.

No sooner had he entered the camp and found his brothers, than he heard the boastful Goliath defying the Israelites; for every day did the Philistine abuse the Israelites.

David was astonished. "What does it mean?" he asked.

"Haven't you heard?" replied a bystander. "Whoever slays this giant that is defying the army of Israel will be rewarded by the king, who will also give him the hand of the princess in marriage."

David angrily burst forth: "How dare this Philistine defy the armies of the living God!"

And Eliab, his eldest brother, heard when he spake unto the men; and Eliab's anger was kindled against David, and he said, Why comest thou down hither? And with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thine heart; for thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle.

And David said, What have I done now? Is there not a cause?

David turned away, and asked the Israelites, one after another, "Why has no one answered the defiant Philistine?" And each one answered him as before.

Then the soldiers, struck by his boldness, began to talk about him. Thus it was that the news reached Saul, the king, that there was a young man in camp who did not seem to be afraid of the Philistine monster.

Saul sent for David; and David went and said to Saul, Let no man's heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine.

To the Pupils:

Philistine (fĭ lĭs′ tĭn), a native of southern Palestine; nowadays, a person lacking in culture. **Goliath** (gō lī′ ăth). **Ephah** (ē′fȧ). An ephah is a little more than half a bushel. A **cubit** is a little more than eighteen inches; a **span,** nine inches. **Kindled** means set fire to, aroused. Note its resemblance to candle. **Pertinent** means fit or suitable.

1. Give your answer to each of the following questions in a sentence. How tall was Goliȧth? (Your answer to be in feet and inches.) How many small measures in an ephah? How many quarts?

2. **Ȧsk.** The dot over *ȧ* denotes medial *a.* Mark the following: *Task, fast, past, mast, ant, pass, grass, brass, dance, lance, chance, branch.*

3. Copy the third and fourth paragraphs on page 94, supplying quotation marks where they are left out of the Bible selections.

To the Teacher:

Papers in exercise 1 should be exchanged, and then corrected from the blackboard.

Call the attention of your pupils to the fact that the translation of the Bible dates back to the beginning of the seventeenth century.

Phonic review, pp. 340-345.

SEVENTEENTH EVENING

Grandpa was playing his oboe when the children came in. He put it aside as they gathered around him, and asked: "Well, May, how did you like the story of last evening?"

"I liked young David very much," was May's reply. "He needed great courage to stand up against that big Philistine."

"Yes," said Grandpa, "that is true. And this evening you will learn how well he performed the task he set out to do." And Grandpa went on with the story:

And Saul said to David, "Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him: for thou art but a youth, and he is a man of war from his youth."

To this David replied, "O King, I am not so untried as thou dost suppose. I keep my father's sheep. Once a lion stole one of my lambs. I gave chase, caught and killed the lion, and saved the lamb. The same thing happened to a bear that stole a lamb; and so I

will treat this huge monster who has dared to defy the army of the living God. The Lord, who delivered me from the jaws of the lion and the paws of the bear, will surely deliver me from this Philistine."

And Saul said unto David, "Go, and the Lord be with thee. But first put on my coat of mail and my brass helmet, and take with thee my sword."

David did as he was told, but he could not walk with the heavy armor on.

He took it off. Next, he picked up five smooth stones from the brook and put them into a bag.

Then, grasping his shepherd's staff, and with his sling in his hand, he drew nigh to the Philistine.

"And now," said Grandpa, "I will read you the rest," so taking his Bible again, he opened it and read:

And the Philistine came on and drew near unto David; and the man that bare the shield went before him.

And when the Philistine looked about, and saw David, he disdained him: for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance.

And the Philistine said unto David, Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves? And the Philistine cursed David by his gods.

And the Philistine said to David, Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field.

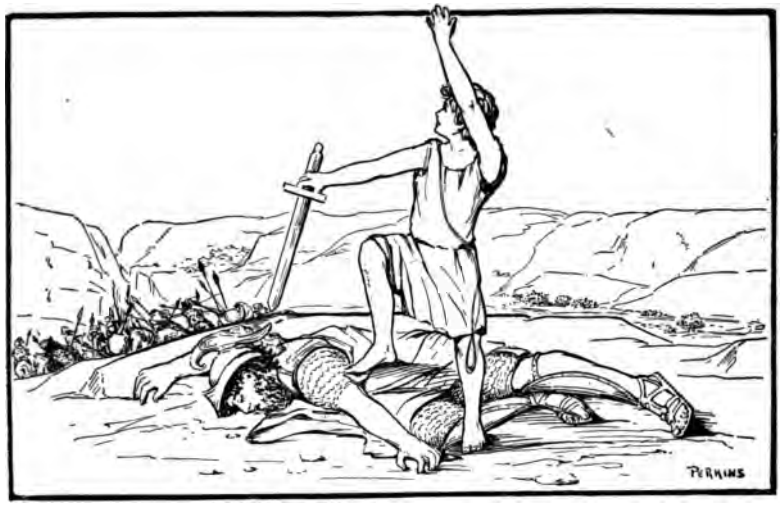
Then said David to the Philistine: Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied.

This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand; and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee; and I will give the carcasses of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know there is a God in Israel.

* * * * * * *

And it came to pass, when the Philistine arose, and came and drew nigh to meet David, that David hasted, and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine.

And David put his hand in his bag and took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead, that the stone sunk into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth.



DAVID, THE CHAMPION OF ISRAEL

So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine, and slew him; but there was no sword in the hand of David.

Therefore David ran, and stood upon the Philistine, and took his sword and drew it out of the sheath thereof, and slew him, and cut off his head therewith. And when the Philistines saw their champion was dead, they fled.

To the Pupils:

Countenance means the appearance of the face. **Hasted** is the old form for hastened. **Forehead** (fŏr′ ĕd) is that part of the face above the eyes.

1. Copy the paragraph including: "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear."

2. Be ready to use the following in sentences:

last night	this afternoon
to-morrow evening	day before yesterday
day after to-morrow	shepherd's staff
this evening	this morning

3. Why are not quotation marks used in paragraphs 1, 2, 3, and 4, page 98, to indicate what is said by David and by the Philistine?

To the Teacher:

Have the sentences read aloud and criticised. Phonic review, pp. 340-345.

EIGHTEENTH EVENING

"Grandpa, I'm mad clean through," said Ben, as he rushed into the room and threw his cap on the floor.

"Softly, softly," replied Grandpa. "I suppose you mean you are angry. You know they kill mad dogs, and lock up mad people."

"Oh, excuse me, Grandpa. I didn't mean to be so rude."

"Pick up your cap, Ben, hang it where it belongs, and then come over here and tell me all about it."

When Ben came back, he had calmed down. He sat beside his sisters, who had just come in.

"Well, Ben, what's the story?" asked Grandpa.

"You know, Grandpa, for the last few days Skinny has been sitting in the same seat with me."

"You don't mean Mean Skinny, do you?" asked Belle.

"That's the very fellow," replied Ben.

"Then I feel sorry for you," said Belle. "He's the meanest fellow in the school.

"You remember the time, Grandpa, last summer," went on Belle, "when we children were going to have a picnic?"

"Yes, lassie, I remember," was the reply.

"We had a meeting to arrange for it. One girl said she would bring chicken sandwiches, another promised to bring ham sandwiches, and a third, currant cake.

"So it went on. There were promised cake, candy, pies, nuts, — everything you could think of good to eat. Pudgy, who sat next to Skinny said, 'I'll bring the coffee.'

"Then Skinny, who was the last, spoke up and said, 'I'll bring the water for the coffee.'"

"Well, Grandpa, that tells how mean he is," said Ben. "In school, he borrows things from us and never thinks of paying us back. He copies every chance he gets, and he tells on everybody. He had me kept in to-day."

"He is not the most charming companion in the world, I should imagine," said Grandpa.

"Charming companion!" exploded Ben.

"He's a mean sneak, a regular Uriah Heep! I should like to punch his head for him."

"Two can play at that game, you know," said Grandpa. "Can't you try some other plan? What did he do to you to-day to have you kept in?"

"He borrowed my drawing pencil this morning, and when I asked him for it this afternoon, he wouldn't give it to me, — wouldn't even look at me when I spoke to him. So I poked him in the ribs, and Mr. Dickens saw me do it, and I was kept in."

"So you were punished, and he wasn't, though he was the one really to blame?"

"Yes, Grandpa, that's what made me angry."

"I have another plan for you to try, Ben. The next time Skinny wants to borrow anything, just tell him this story:

One Good Turn Deserves Another

Willy Wag went to see Charley Quirk,
  More famed for his books than his knowledge,
In order to borrow a work
  He had sought for in vain over college.

But Charley replied: 'My dear friend,
  You must know I have sworn and agreed
My books from my room not to lend,
  But you may sit by my fire and read.'

Now it happened by chance, on the morrow,
That Quirk, with a cold, shivering air,
Came his neighbor Will's bellows to borrow,
For his own were out of repair.

But Willy replied: 'My dear friend,
I have sworn and agreed, you must know,
That my bellows I never will lend:
But you may sit by my fire and blow.'

"And if that doesn't stop him, tell him you will show him the Gorgon's head."

"What will that do to him, Grandpa?" asked Ben.

"Wait until to-morrow evening, youngsters. You will find out then. The story is too long to begin this evening."

To the Pupils:

1. Arrange the following words in a column alphabetically, and place after each its **antonym** or opposite in meaning: *Inside, over, good, better, best, farther, much, more, most, dark, save, thaw.*

2. Use the following homonyms in sentences:

current	right	pane
currant	write	pain

To the Teacher:

This exercise should be corrected by the pupils from your work on the blackboard. Tell the pupils about Uriah Heep; David Copperfield, chapters XV and XVII, might be read to them. Phonic review, pp. 340-345.

NINETEENTH EVENING

The children were so eager for Grandpa's new story, that they came home from school as quickly as they could and, very soon afterward, Grandpa began to tell of

The Gorgon's Head.

This is the story of Medusa, the Gorgon who was slain by Perseus.

Perseus, even as a boy, was of wonderful strength and courage. When he grew to be a young man, he was sent by Minerva to kill Medusa.

Long years before, Medusa had been a handsome maiden whose hair was her greatest beauty.

She had dared, however, to say that she was as beautiful as Minerva. So the goddess changed her hair to hissing snakes.

So frightful was her appearance, and so dreadful the look of despair on her face, that the horror of it turned any one who looked upon her

into stone. Around her cave dwelling were many stone figures which had once been men and animals.

It was to this horrible place that Perseus went to overcome her.

Minerva gave him superhuman strength and courage. Mercury lent him the famous wingèd sandals, which carried him swiftly through the air, and gave him also the sword Harpé, made of a single diamond, with which no second blow was ever needed. Pluto gave him the cap of darkness, which made the wearer invisible to mortal eyes.

After much traveling and great difficulty, Perseus found the cave where the monster lived with her two sisters. He dared not look down into the cave at Medusa, for if he had, he too would have been turned into stone. So he waited until she was asleep, and then flew down, watching her reflection in a bright shield which Minerva had lent him.

When he was near enough, he cut off her head with one stroke of the sword Harpé. But not once did he look at her.

From the blood that dripped on the ground sprang Pegasus, the wingèd horse which was tamed by Minerva and given to the Muses; and

(*Canova*) PERSEUS

which afterward flew up to the heavens, where it may now be seen as a constellation.

Picking up the head, Perseus covered it, and flew away. The sisters, shrieking madly, pursued him for some distance. They could not

(*Lord Leighton*) PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA

see Perseus, for he had on Pluto's cap; but they could smell the blood.

On his way back Perseus came to Atlas, who was still holding the world up on his shoulders. Perseus asked him for food and a place to rest.

Atlas refused both, and drove Perseus away. The latter uncovered the Gorgon's head. Atlas looked at it, and was at once turned into stone.

As Perseus continued his flight, he passed over the African desert. Here the blood which dropped from the head fell on the sand. At once, deadly snakes came to life, and ever since this place has swarmed with them.

To the Pupils:

ạ is sounded like *ŏ*; as, *whạt*. Place this proper diacritical mark under the *a* in: *watch*, *wander*, *quarrel*, *wasp*, *squash*, *swan*, *squad*.

To the Teacher:

While you are walking about the room, inspecting the work of the pupils, call on individuals to pronounce their lists of words.

TWENTIETH EVENING

"Grandpa, it would hardly be fair to Skinny to turn him into stone," said Ben, as he came into the room and sat by his sisters.

"Where would you get the Gorgon's head?" asked Grandpa.

"I can't tell," replied Ben, "until I hear the remainder of the story."

So Grandpa went on:

When Perseus came to the sea, he found a lovely maiden, named Andromeda, chained to a rock on the shore. He asked her why she was chained there, and she told him that her mother had offended the sea-nymphs by boasting that she was more beautiful than they. In revenge, they had sent a dreadful sea-monster to make desolate the coast, and to prevent the fishermen from getting fish from the sea.

Only by the sacrifice of Andromeda, it was said, could the curse be removed. So there she was, awaiting death, when the sea-monster should arrive.

Perseus told Andromeda he would rescue her, if she would marry him. To this she agreed. So when the monster came, Perseus fought and killed it, and left it as a huge black rock in the water.

When the combat was over, he laid the Gorgon's head down on the shore and covered it with seaweed. Then he washed away the stains of the fight. On taking up the head, he found that the poison from it had soaked into the sea plants and had turned them into stone.

The sea-nymphs saw the change, and were filled with admiration. They tried the effect of the head on many other plants, and always with the same result, — they were turned into stone.

Seeds from these plants were cast into the sea, and from these seeds came coral.

Andromeda and Perseus went to the royal palace, for Andromeda was the daughter of the King and Queen of that land, Cepheus and Cassiopeia by name.

Here a wedding feast was prepared for the two, and many guests were invited.

At the wedding feast while Perseus was telling of his adventure, a great noise was heard. It

was the tramp of armed men, and the clash of weapons.

In rushed, with his armed followers, Phineus, who was to have married Andromeda.

He angrily claimed his bride, but the King would not listen to him, saying, "You left my daughter to perish, but Perseus killed the monster and rescued her. To him she belongs."

Then began a dreadful combat. Phineus hurled his spear at Perseus, but missed him. Perseus and his friends fought like heroes, but soon there were but few of them left, though there were hundreds of the enemy

Suddenly Perseus bethought him of the head. Warning his friends not to look, he uncovered it, and in the twinkling of an eye all was changed. As his enemies caught sight of the head, in whatever attitude they happened to be, they became stone statues; and so the great fight ended.

Perseus claimed his bride, and took her away with him to his own land. The sword and sandals he returned to Mercury, the cap he gave back to Pluto, while the Gorgon's head was placed by Minerva on her shield.

Afterward, Perseus, Cepheus, Andromeda,

and Cassiopeia were placed in the heavens, and there their constellations may be seen to this day.

To the Pupils:

Desolate means laid waste; a place is desolate when it is left solitary as regards human occupation and use. **Sacrifice** means a giving up of some desired object for the sake of something else. **To rescue** means to save; **combat,** fight. **Admiration,** wonder mixed with delight; **adventures,** exciting happenings; **attitude,** position.

1. Use the defined words in the proper blank spaces in the following sentences: (a.) I made a ———— of my pleasures that I might have more time for knowledge. (b.) I will make the cities of Judah ————, without an inhabitant. (c.) Hercules had many ———— during his travels. (d.) We gazed with ———— at Rembrandt's pictures. (e.) The fireman ————d the woman from the burning building. (f.) David and Goliath met in single ————. (g.) We should stand in an ———— of respect whenever we hear the National Anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner."

2. Rewrite the next to the last paragraph, using synonyms or synonymous expressions for the following: *Claimed his bride; land; returned; gave back; was placed.*

To the Teacher:

These exercises should be read aloud and

criticised. The lists of developed synonyms and synonymous expressions should be placed on the blackboard and copied thence by the pupils in a book reserved for this purpose. Each pupil can thus make his own *Thesaurus* of words.

TWENTY-FIRST EVENING

The minute the children came in, Grandpa said: "I have a pleasant surprise for you. Here is a letter from your cousin Tom. Ben, will you please read it aloud?" And Grandpa handed Ben an envelope with a foreign postage stamp on it.

Ben took the letter, opened it, and read as follows:

Sydney, Australia,
January 1, 1912.

My dear Cousins:

Last evening, Mother received a letter from Grandma. The letter stated that Grandma was enjoying herself in Holland, and was soon going to Germany.

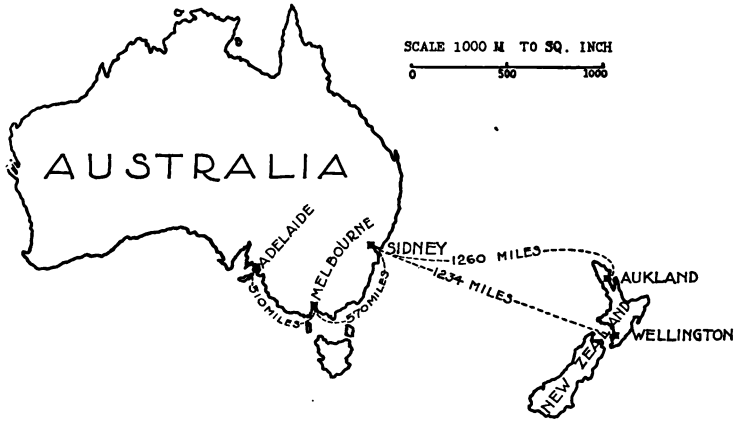
When Grandma's letter came, it reminded me that I owed one to you.

I wish to thank Ben for Matthew's "Back to Hampton Roads," which he sent me a long time ago. The book is most interesting, and I enjoyed reading it very much.

The reason I have not written you in such a long time is that Father and I have been on a trip to New Zealand.

You know that New Zealand and Australia are close together on the map. You might think that a bridge could be built between them, such as you have between New York and Brooklyn; or between Omaha and Council Bluffs, over the Missouri.

But it can't be done, because the distance between the two islands is 1,200 miles, — about the distance between New York and Omaha,



MAP OF AUSTRALIA

Mother says. Mother says, too, that Australia is a country of great distances. You know it is nearly as large as the United States without Alaska.

We went to New Zealand last summer, sailing from Sydney on November 5, and arriving at Auckland four days after.

Here Father bought several tons of Kauri gum. You know this gum is used in making

varnish. It is dug out of the ground where, ages ago, Kauri trees grew and died. Since that time, the trees have been covered by soil.

I saw some Maoris. Like the Indians of your country, the Maoris occupied the land before the white man came. There are very few of them left.

At one time rabbits, too, were plentiful here. They were so numerous that they became a great plague — as great as were the rats in the time of the Pied Piper. They have now been greatly lessened, however.

After Father had finished his business in Auckland, we went to Wellington by train. We were there some time before Father was ready to leave. Then we sailed for Sydney, where we arrived after a very pleasant passage. There were some Welsh singers on board, and they gave a concert one night. I enclose the words and music of the song Father and I liked best. It was given me by the leader of the chorus.

Your loving cousin,

TOM.

After the letter had been read and talked about, Grandpa picked up the music that Tom had sent and looked it over.

"I know this very well," said he. "Your Grandma and I heard 'All Through the Night' for the first time in Wales many years ago. It is one of the best known of Welsh songs."

"Is the music sweet?" asked May.

"Your Grandma and I both think that the words and music are most beautiful, and each fits the other."

"Can't we sing it to-night, Grandpa?" asked Belle.

"No, it is too late, Belle. Besides, I want you to copy your parts first."

So each one copied his or her part.

To the Pupils:

1. Imagine that you are Tom's cousin, and write him a letter, telling him what you are doing in school.

2. Address the envelope.

3. Rewrite the first paragraph of Tom's letter, using synonymous words or terms for *last evening; received; the letter stated; enjoying herself; was soon going.*

To the Teacher:

These letters should be collected but not corrected. Some of the best should be read aloud by those who wrote them. Note the suggestions regarding synonyms on p. 114.

Phonic review, pp. 340-345.

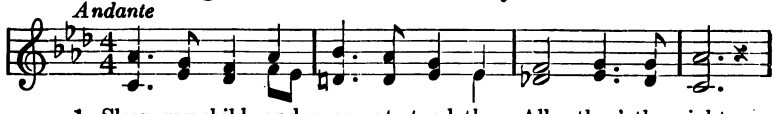
TWENTY-SECOND EVENING

All were ready with their parts. So Grandpa went to the piano, and they sang the song Tom had sent them

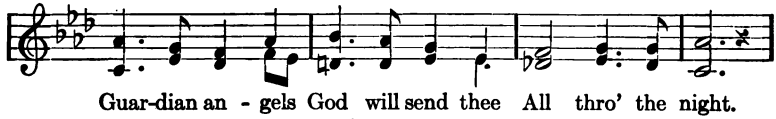
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.

Welsh Folk Song — Arr. by GEORGE A. GARTLAN

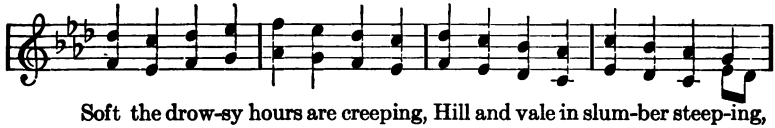
Andante



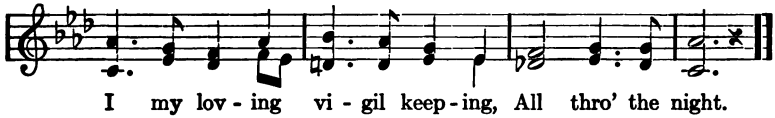
1. Sleep, my child, and peace at-tend thee, All thro' the night;
2. While the moon her watch is keep-ing, All thro' the night;
3. Hark, a sol-emn bell is ring-ing, Clear thro' the night;



Guar-dian an-gels God will send thee All thro' the night.
While the wea-ry world is sleep-ing, All thro' the night;
Thou, my love, art heav'n-ward wing-ing, Home thro' the night.



Soft the drow-sy hours are creeping, Hill and vale in slum-ber steep-ing,
O'er thy spir-it gen-tly steal-ing, Vis-ions of de-light re-veal-ing,
Earth-ly dust from off thee shak-en, By good an-gels art thou tak-en,



I my lov-ing vi-gil keep-ing, All thro' the night.
Breathes a pure and ho-ly feel-ing, All thro' the night.
Soul im-mor-tal thou shalt wak-en, Home thro' the night.

To the Pupils:

1. Copy the first stanza (eight lines) of "All Through the Night." Indent the second, fourth, and eighth lines.

2. Memorize it.

To the Teacher:

The pupils' work (1) should be corrected from your work on the blackboard. The second stanza should make a second exercise.

Phonic review, pp. 340-345.

TWENTY-THIRD EVENING

"Grandpa, what did Tom mean when he spoke about the 'Pied Piper?'" asked May.

"Have you never heard the story, May?" asked Grandpa.

"No, Grandpa," she replied.

"Neither have I, Grandpa," said Belle.

"Nor have I," said Ben.

"Well, then," said Grandpa, "I suppose I must tell it to you."

A WALLED TOWN

The Pied Piper of Hamelin

A Child's Story

I

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick
By famous Hanover city;
The River Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its walls on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

II

Rats!
They fought the dogs,
and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in
the cradles;
And ate the cheeses out
of the vats,
And lick'd the soup from
the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III

At last the people in a body
  To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation — shocking,
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine

For dolts that can't or
  won't determine
What's best to rid us of
  our vermin!
You hope, because you're
  old and obese,
To find in the furry civic
  robe ease?
Rouse up, Sirs! Give
  your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're
  lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send
  you packing!"

At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV

An hour they sate in council,
  At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell,
  I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain —
I'm sure my poor head aches again,

I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little, though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

To the Pupils:

1. **Weser** (vā′ zẽr), a river in Germany. **Ditty** means a song; **vermin,** harmful little animals or insects; as rats, mice, flies, bugs, etc.; **ladle,** a large, cup-like spoon with a long handle; **sprats,** small fish; **corporation,** the Mayor and aldermen; **obese,** fat; **furry, civic robe,** the robe of office; **guilder,** a coin worth about forty cents; **paunch,** the stomach; **remedy,** cure; **consternation,** fright.

2. Use each of the two last defined words in either one or the other of the two following sentences:

Fresh air is a————for many ills.

There was great————in the city, at the first shock of the earthquake.

3. **Mutinous, glutinous.** You know the meaning of the suffix *ous.* **Mutiny,** the stem of the first

word, means an outbreak against lawful authority. **Gluten,** the stem of the second, means glue. Define each word.

To the Teacher:

These exercises may be oral.

Phonic review, pp. 340-345.

TWENTY-FOURTH EVENING

It had rained hard all day. The snow was melting rapidly. The wind was high, and underfoot it was slushy. No one was out of doors, except those whose business took them out, and those were but few.

The children were very quiet when they came in and found Grandpa reading.

"Oh, but it has been a lonely day, Grandpa. Belle and May have been visiting Alice," said Ben, as Grandpa laid aside his book.

"And you have been lonesome, laddie. Is that it? I have felt that way myself, and that is why sometimes I like to read

February Rain.

O lonely day: No sounds are heard
  Save winds and floods that downward pour,
And timid fluting of a bird,
  That pipes one low note o'er and o'er.

Before the blast the bare trees lean,
  The ragged clouds sail low and gray,
And all the wild and wintry scene
  Is but one blur of driving spray.

O day most meet for memories,
  For musing by a vacant hearth
On that which was and that which is,
  And those who walk no more on earth!

And yet this dark and dreary day
  Some brighter lesson still can bring,
For it is herald of the May,
  A faint foretoken of the Spring.

Beneath the ceaseless-beating rain
  Earth's snowy shroud disappears,
As sorrow pressing on the brain
  Fades in a flood of happy tears.

And thus in darkness oft is wrought,
  Through lonely days of tears and grief,
The gradual change by which is brought
  To shadowed lives some sweet relief.

— *Charles Turner Dazey.*

"But Jupiter Pluvius can't make it rain indoors, and we certainly can't be lonesome when we're together. Let us go on with the Pied Piper, and to-morrow evening Belle and May can tell us about their visit."

And Grandpa continued the story:

V

"Come in!" — the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head

Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

VI

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)

"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats;
And as for what your brain bewilders,—
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? Fifty thousand!" was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

To the Pupils:

1. **Herald** means a messenger; **swarthy,** dark; **kith and kin,** relations; **quoth,** said; **bewilder,** to confuse; **vesture,** clothing; **Cham of Tartary,** a ruler in Asia; **Nizam** (nī′zäm), a ruler in India; **vampire-bats,** blood-sucking bats.

2. Use properly one of the first five defined words in one of the following sentences: (a.) The hepatica is a ——— of spring. (b.) "The poor boy had neither ——— nor ——. All his relatives had died within the year." (c.) "Spaniards, as a rule, have ——— complexions." (d.) "So great was the noise, bustle, and confusion of the great city, that it ———ed one." (e.) "——— the Raven, 'Nevermore.'"

3. Pronounce är′ my. The ¨ used this way indicates the *Italian a.* Mark the *a* in the following, and pronounce when called upon: *Harp, party, market, pardon, garden, harness, starch, scarlet, harden, darting.*

To the Teacher:

The second exercise may be oral.

KITTENS

TWENTY-FIFTH EVENING

No sooner had the children come in than Grandpa said, "Now for your story, Belle."

So Belle began: "You see, Grandpa, this was just a girls' party. That's the reason Ben wasn't asked. And May and I were the only girls asked. They have so many kittens — a whole house full, I guess — that there was no room for any more girls."

"How did you and May enjoy yourselves?" asked Grandpa.

"Oh, splendidly! We played house, and each of us had a kitten for a doll," said Belle.

"Oh, yes, Grandpa," broke in May, "that was such fun. And then we made fudge and ate it, all except some we brought home for you and Ben."

"Thank you. That was very thoughtful," said Grandpa.

"Alice showed us a very funny letter which she had just been reading in a book," said Belle. "We laughed at it, and I asked Alice if we might bring it home, so that you and Ben could read it."

Grandpa took the book, and read as follows:

Eastbourne, September 17, 1893.[1]

Oh, you naughty, naughty little culprit! If only I could fly ..... with a handy little stick (ten feet long and four inches thick is my favorite size), how I would rap your wicked little knuckles.

But how badly you do spell your words! I was so puzzled about the "sacks full of love and baskets full of kisses!" But at last I made out why; of course, you meant a "sack full of gloves, and a basket full of kittens!" Then I understood what you were sending me. And just then Mrs. Dyer came in to tell me a large sack and a basket had come. There was such a

[1]From "The Story of Lewis Carroll" by Isa Bowman.

miauwing in the house, as if all the cats in Eastbourne had come to see me! "Oh, just open them, please, Mrs. Dyer, and count the things in them!"

So, in a few minutes, Mrs. Dyer came and said: "Five hundred pairs of gloves in the sack and two hundred and fifty kittens in the basket."

"Dear me! That makes a thousand gloves! Four times as many gloves as kittens! It's very kind of Maggie, but why did she send so many gloves? For I haven't a thousand hands, you know, Mrs. Dyer."

And Mrs. Dyer said, "No indeed, you're nine hundred and ninety eight hands short of that!"

However, the next day I made out what to do. I took the basket with me and walked off to the parish school — the girls' school, you know — and I said to the mistress, "How many little girls are there at school to-day?"

"Exactly two hundred fifty, Sir."

"And have they all been very good all day?"

"As good as gold, Sir."

So I waited outside the door with my basket, and as each little girl came out, I just popped a soft little kitten into her hands! Oh, what joy there was! The little girls all went dancing home, hugging their kittens, and the whole air was full of purring!

Then, the next morning, I went to the school, before it opened, to ask the little girls how the kittens had behaved in the night. And they all arrived sobbing and crying, and their faces and hands were all covered with scratches, and they had the kittens wrapped up in their pinafores to keep them from scratching any more. And they sobbed out, "The kittens have been scratching us all night, all the night."

So then I said to myself, "What a nice little girl Maggie is. Now I see why she sent all those gloves, and why there are four times as many gloves as kittens!" And I said aloud to the little girls, "Never mind, my dear children, do your lessons very nicely, and don't cry any more, and when school is over, you'll find me at the door, and you shall see what you shall see!"

So, in the evening, when the little girls came running out, with the kittens still wrapped up in their aprons, there was I, at the door, with a big sack. And as each little girl came out, I just popped into her hand two pairs of gloves! And each little girl unrolled her pinafore and took out an angry little kitten, spitting and snarling, with its claws sticking out like a hedgehog. But it hadn't time to scratch, for in a moment, it found all its four claws popped into nice soft warm gloves! And then the kittens got quite sweet-tempered and gentle, and began purring again!

So the little girls went dancing home again, and the next morning they came dancing back to school. The scratches were all healed, and they told me: "The kittens have been good!"

And, when any kitten wants to catch a mouse, it just takes off one of its gloves; and if it wants to catch two mice, it takes off two gloves; and if it wants to catch three mice, it takes off three gloves; and if it wants to catch four mice, it takes off all its gloves.

But the moment they've caught the mice, they pop their gloves on again, because they know we can't love them without their gloves. For, you see, "gloves" have got "love" inside them — there's none outside!

So all the little girls said, "Please thank Maggie, and we send her two hundred fifty loves and a thousand kisses in return for her two hundred fifty kittens and her thousand gloves!"

Your loving old Uncle
C. L. D.

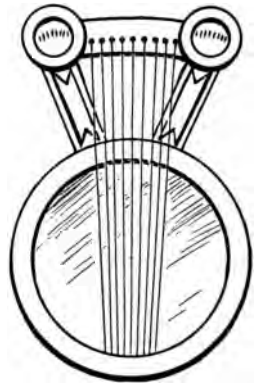
"A delightful letter," said Grandpa, "but we are neglecting the Pied Piper."

So he went on with his story:

VII

Into the street the Piper stept,
  Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
  In his quiet pipe the while;

Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling:
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
    Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished! —
Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,


PSALTERY

Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was: "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe, —

And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And the drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, 'Oh rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!'
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
Already staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'
— I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!" — when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

To the Pupils:

1. **Culprit,** one guilty of a fault; a musical **adept,** a skilful musician. (Note the resemblance between adept and apt.) **Julius Cæsar,** a Roman ruler who said: "Let me have men about me that

are fat." **Manuscript,** something written; **commentary,** a brief account; **psaltery,** a stringed instrument of music, used in Biblical days; **nuncheon,** another name for luncheon; **bulky,** large; **puncheon,** a large cask holding three or four barrels; a **stave** is one of the strips out of which the sides of a barrel are made; **perked,** peered, looked inquisitively.

2. Copy group 26 of the Vocabulary (see the end of the book), syllabicating, and marking the accented syllable.

3. Suppose the letter had been for you. How should the envelope enclosing it have been addressed?

4. Copy the paragraph, p. 131, beginning, "Oh, yes, Grandpa."

To the Teacher:

Read to your pupils from Act I., Scene 2, of Julius Cæsar, lines 180 to 216 inclusive.

TWENTY-SIXTH EVENING

"Oh, Grandpa! We saw a flock of such pretty birds as we came home from school to-day," exclaimed Belle, as the children came skipping in.

"Yes? What were they like?"

"They were little birds about as big as sparrows, and of a dark slate color, except for an apron of white, which went from the breast all the way backward," explained Belle.

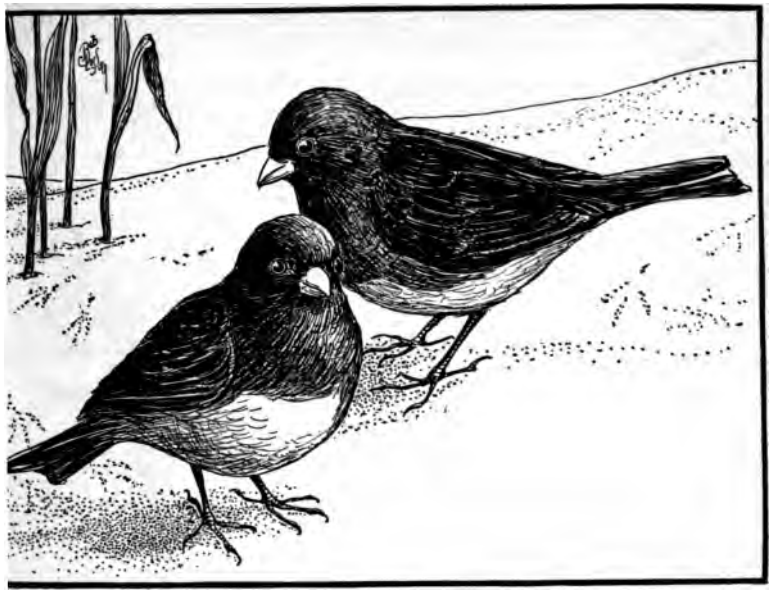
"Did you notice what they were feeding on?" was Grandpa's next inquiry.

"Oh, they were pecking away at something, I couldn't tell what," was Belle's reply.

"I noticed what they were feeding on," said Ben. "They were eating the seed of weeds that grow by the wayside."

"One more question," went on Grandpa. "I wonder if May noticed their tail feathers?"

"Oh, yes, Grandpa. When we got near them, they flew away, and I saw that their out-



JUNCOS

side tail feathers were white, — white as snow, Grandpa."

"Those were juncos, children, sometimes called snowbirds. They are on their way north, to Canada, where they will build their nests and raise their families. Then in the fall they will come back to us."

"Will they stay all the winter?" asked Ben.

"Only when the snow is not too deep," was the reply. "Otherwise, they could not get at the seed they live on. The junco is as successful in getting rid of weeds as was the Pied

Piper in getting rid of rats, though in a different way."

"Oh, the Pied Piper!" exclaimed May. "We are so interested in the juncos that we are forgetting him."

"Shall I go on with his story?" asked Grandpa.

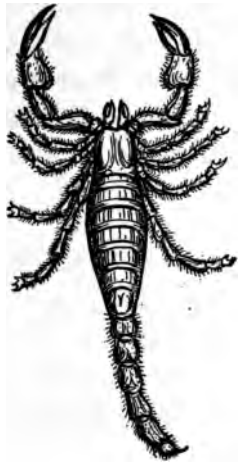
The children all said, "Please do," so Grandpa went on:

IX

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

X

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait! beside,
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdad, and accept the prime
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor:
With him I proved no bargain-driver;
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."


SCORPION

XI

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a Cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

XII

Once more he stept into the street·
And to his lips again

Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering;
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running:
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

To the Pupils:

1. **Replenish** means to refill; **thrifty,** careful, saving; **Cālĭph of Bagdad,** the ruler of a city in Turkey; **stīver** a coin worth two cents; **rĭbald,** a low, vulgar fellow; **pīebald,** having spots or patches of black or white, pied; **threaten,** defy, abuse; **enraptured,** delighted beyond measure.

2. Replace the dashes in the following sentences with the right words:

(a.) The miraculous pitcher ———— ed itself.

(b.) Benjamin Franklin was a ———— man.

(c.) The clown in the circus rode a ———— horse.

(d.) We are not to go to the pond if the weather looks ———————— ing.

3. Place the proper diacritical marks over the vowel *a* in the following: *Same, ran, praise, all, saw, liar, art, what.*

4. Arrange the words in the poetry on page 140 alphabetically, according to the directions you will find on p. 90.

To the Teacher:

Have the papers corrected from a pupil's work on the blackboard.

TWENTY-SEVENTH EVENING

Belle and May were chatting with Grandpa when Ben came in, eyes sparkling and cheeks aglow.

"What a gusty day it has been! I have been walking very fast, but once or twice the wind was so strong, it almost stopped me."

"Gusty March, Ben. Suppose I tell you what the poet Bryant says of it?"

March

The stormy March has come at last,
  With winds, and clouds, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast
  That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
  Wild, stormy month! in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
  Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou, to northern lands, again
  The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train,
  And wear'st the gentle name of spring.

And, in thy reign of blast and storm,
  Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
  And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies
  And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
  Seems of a brighter world than ours.

—From the Poems of William Cullen Bryant, published by D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.

After Grandpa finished Bryant's poem, he went on with Browning's:

XIII

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,

PIPER AND CHILDREN

Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,—
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosom beat.
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain-side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed;
And when all were in, to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say, all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,

Where waters gushed, and fruit trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the Hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

To the Pupils:

1. **Bereft** means deprived, stripped; **fallow deer**, a European deer much smaller than our red one.

2. Be prepared to use the following in sentences:

put forth	saw him
last evening	broad road
four dozen	sweet honey
her son	is bereft

To the Teacher:

This exercise should be oral.

Phonic review, pp. 340-345.

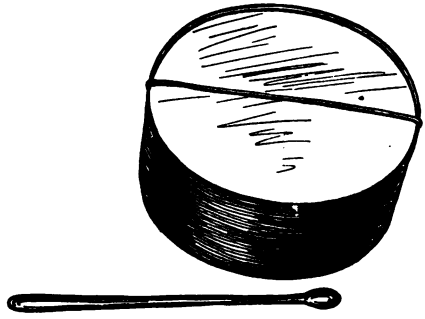
TWENTY-EIGHTH EVENING

No sooner were the children seated, than Grandpa began, as he had to leave early to meet Mr. Dickens.

XIV

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that Heaven's Gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear:
"And so long after what happened here
On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six."

And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's Street —
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterranean prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.



TABOR

XV

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men — especially pipers!
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise!

—*Robert Browning*

To the Pupils:

1. **Burgher,** one who lives in a borough or city; **endeavor,** attempt; a **decree,** a law; **records,** law writings; **duly,** properly; **hostelry,** hotel; **alien,** foreign, not native; **ascribe,** give as a cause of, refer to; **subterranean,** under ground; **trepanned,** cheated, snared. **Transylvania,** a province of Hungary near Germany; **aught,** anything.

2. Turn to group 15 of the Vocabulary (near the end of the book). Copy the words of this group, syllabicating, and marking the accented syllables.

To the Teacher:

If the children have dictionaries, let them compare their papers with the dictionaries; if not, let the blackboard take the place of the dictionary.

Phonic review, pp. 340-345.

TWENTY-NINTH EVENING

Grandpa had a treat ready for the youngsters, — maple sugar.

So, when the children came in, he handed the plateful of sugar to May, with the remark, "Be you Hebe, and bear the nectar to the gods."

May could only guess at Grandpa's meaning. Taking the plate in her hand, she started toward Ben. As she did so, she stubbed her toe, stumbled slightly, and some of the sugar fell on the floor.

"Oh, ho!" said Grandpa. "Must we get a Ganymede instead of our Hebe?"

Recovering her balance, May passed the plate to Belle and Ben. After they had helped themselves with a "Thank you very much," she placed it on the table.

Turning then to Grandpa, she said, "Please tell me what you mean by Hebe and that other long name, Grandpa, won't you?"

"Certainly, my child," was the reply, "let me tell you a story about them."

Correggio (1494-1534) GANYMEDE *Vienna*

Hebe, the goddess of Youth, was beautiful beyond description.

She was cup-bearer to the gods. To hand out the delicious nectar was her duty, and this she did with a grace and daintiness all her own.

But, alas! on one occasion she stumbled and some of the precious nectar fell upon the marble floor.

Then was she in disgrace, and, although a daughter of Jupiter and Juno, she could serve the gods no longer.

Jupiter looked for another cup-bearer. In his search, he took the form of an eagle, and flew over one country and another, until he came to Troy in Greece.

Here he espied a youth who was most fair to look upon, Ganymede, son of the Trojan King. Jupiter carried this boy to Olympus, there to be cup-bearer to the gods.

"Who will be your Ganymede the next time you want something passed?" asked May.

"I am different from the gods, May. Sometimes I shall use Hebe, sometimes Ganymede. The Ganymede must be Ben."

The children had been eating while Grandpa was talking. When he finished, May said,

"Yum! yum! Grandpa. That sugar is very good. Where do they get it?"

"Suppose I tell you the story of how the Indians gather it, as told by Obiyesa in Indian Boyhood[1]? "

An Indian Sugar Camp

With the first March thaw, the thoughts of the Indian women of my childhood days turned to the annual sugar-making.

This industry was chiefly followed by the old men, the women, and the children . . . the rest of the tribe went out on the spring fur-hunt at this season, leaving us at home to make the sugar.

The first and most important of the necessary utensils were the huge iron and brass kettles for boiling. Everything else could be made, but these must be bought, begged, or borrowed.

A maple tree was felled and a log canoe hollowed out of it, into which the sap was to be gathered.

Little troughs of basswood and birchen

[1] Courtesy of the author, Charles A. Eastman (Obiyesa), and his publishers, McClure, Phillips & Co. Copyright by McClure, Phillips & Co.

basins were also made, to receive the small drops as they trickled down the tree.

As soon as these labors were done, we all proceeded to the bark sugar house, which stood in a fine grove of maples on the banks of the Minnesota River.

We found this hut partially filled with the snows of winter and the withered leaves of the preceding autumn, and it must be cleared for our use.

In the meantime a tent was pitched outside, for a few days' use.

To the Pupils:

1. **Obiyesa** is Sioux for "the one who wins," the victor; **annual** means yearly; **industry,** labor; **utensils,** things that are used; **trough** (trŏf), a long, hollow vessel.

2. Write the plurals of the following: Plateful, toe, plate, child, goddess, duty, occasion, search, eagle, country.

3. Thus far you have used two kinds of sentences: statements and questions; as, "May said something," and "What did May say?"

As the first statement declares something, we call it a **declarative sentence.** The second sentence, because it asks a question, we call an **interrogative sentence.**

What mark is placed after the first? After the second?

If you will look at the two given sentences, you will see that each contains a single complete thought. In other words, nothing has to be added to either to make you understand it.

4. How many sentences are there in the paragraph on page 154, beginning "The children had been eating," and what kind are they?

To the Teacher:

Elaborate on this point, by presenting many examples carefully chosen from the pupils' readers. Select, first, sentences with no modifying elements; then, others showing a gradual increase in the number of modifiers.

THIRTIETH EVENING

The children were sitting around the table, waiting for Grandpa to come in.

All were reading, — Ben a paper, and each girl a book.

Suddenly Ben looked up with a chuckle, and said, "Here, girls, is a very funny story in this paper. You'll like it, May. Listen," and Ben read from the paper the following:

A Pertinent Question

There are great men who cannot spell, and small people who follow in their footsteps. "Spell cat," said the teacher to the boy at the tail end of the class. "K-a-t," replied the boy. "Silly," replied the teacher. "Can't you spell cat?" "Well," inquired the little fellow, "what does k-a-t spell?"

"It spells cat, of course," said Grandpa, who had just come in. "But not the right kind of cat. Let us stick to the old-fashioned c-a-t, cat. Let me see. Where were we in 'Indian Boyhood'? Ah, here it is," and Grandpa read on:

The snow was still deep in the woods, with a hard crust upon which we could easily walk, for we usually walked to the sugar house before the sap had actually started, the better to complete our preparations

My grandmother worked like a beaver in those days (or rather like a muskrat, as the Indians say; for this industrious little animal collects as many as six or eight bushels of edible roots for the winter, only to be robbed of his store by some of our people). If there was a prospect of a good sugaring season, she made a second and even a third canoe to contain the sap. These canoes were afterward used by the hunters for their proper purpose.

MUSKRAT

During our last sugar-making in Minnesota, my grandmother was at work upon a canoe with her ax, while a young aunt of mine stood by.

We boys were gathered in the large, oval sugar house, busy making arrows for the killing of the rabbits and chipmunks, which we knew would come in numbers to drink the sap.

The birds also were beginning to return, and the cold storms of March would drive them to our door.

CHIPMUNK

I was too young then to do much more than look on; but I entered fully into the spirit of the occasion, and rejoiced to see the bigger boys industriously sharpen their arrows, resting them against the long sticks which were burning in the fire, and occasionally cutting a chip from the stick.

In their eagerness they paid little attention to this, although they well knew that it was strictly forbidden to touch a knife to a burning ember.

Suddenly, loud screams were heard from

A LITTLE INDIAN

without, and we all rushed out to see what was the matter.

It was a serious affair. My grandmother's ax had slipped and nearly cut off three of the fingers of my aunt.

As we ran out, the old lady, who had already noticed and reproved our carelessness with the burning embers, pursued us with loud scoldings and threats of a whipping.

This will seem strange to my readers, but it is easily explained by the Indian belief, which holds that such an offence as we had committed is always punished by the accidental cutting of some member of the family.

To the Pupils:

1. The suffixes *ling* and *let* mean little. At the top of your paper write the words **stem** and **suffix.** Then separate each of the following words into its stem and suffix and place them in the proper columns: *eaglet, duckling, owlet, plantlet, gosling, troutlet, swanlet, kinglet.*

2. Make a second arrangement of these words alphabetically, syllabicating each word, and marking the accented syllable.

3. Make sentences by telling what the following animals do: The goose ———————— . The cat ———————— . The trout ———— . The rats ———— . The horse ——— .

4. Write at the top of your paper, left hand side, the word *Names*; opposite, and to the right, the word *Do*.

Then under the first word, write the names of ten animals, and opposite each, in the second column, what it does; as, *Owls hoot.*

5. Write the word which is the name of:

(a.) Water falling from a cloud.
(b.) One who swims.
(c.) One who runs.
(d.) A number of sheep.
(e.) A number of cows.
(f.) Frozen moisture from the clouds.

To the Teacher:

No. 3 may be oral, and should be extended.

THIRTY-FIRST EVENING

"What is the name of the game your class was playing in the Gymnasium this morning, Ben?" asked Belle.

"It is a new game called 'Flank Tag,'" replied Ben.

"Flank tag! flank tag! That sounds as if a soldier might have planned it. How do you play it?" asked Grandpa.

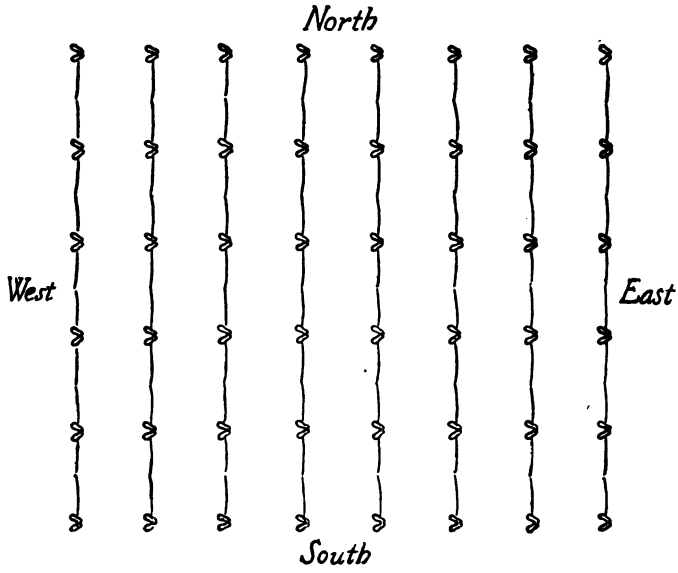
"Mr. Dickens picked out two fellows, one a runner and the other a chaser."

"That's just plain, every-day tag so far," interrupted May.

"But that isn't all," was Ben's reply. "The other forty-eight fellows were arranged in six lines, forty-four inches apart."

"Six ranks of eight files each is what we soldiers call your formation, Ben," said Grandpa. "Make a drawing, so the girls can understand you."

So Ben drew:



"After we had formed, facing west, we joined hands right and left. Through the aisles thus made the runner ran, with IT after him.

"The runner has to go through the aisles, while IT tries to tag him. When he is tagged, two other boys are chosen by the teacher, and the four change places.

"Now and then, our teacher would give the order, '*Right*, FACE!' When this order was carried out, we were facing north, instead of west.

"Sometimes we marched, while IT was try-

ing to catch the runner. When Mr. Dickens wished us to change direction, he gave us a different order: '*By the right (or left) flank,* MARCH!'

"We had plenty of fun with it, Grandpa," concluded Ben.

"I should think you could get plenty of fun out of it," said Grandpa. "You have to think and act quickly. But suppose we go from Flank Tag to sugar-making?"

"Oh, yes, Grandpa," said the children, "do go on with that."

And Grandpa went on with the story of Obiyesa:

My grandmother did not confine herself to canoe-making.

She also collected a good store of fuel, for she would not have much time to gather wood when the sap began to flow.

Presently the weather grew warmer and the snow began to melt. The month of April brought showers, which carried most of the snow into the Minnesota River.

Now the women began to test the trees, moving leisurely among them, ax in hand, and striking a single quick blow, to see if the sap would appear. . . . .

Now one of the birchen basins was set under each tree, and a hardwood chip driven deep into the cut which the ax had made. From the corners of this chip — at first drop by drop, then more freely — the sap trickled into the little dishes.

It is usual to make sugar from maples, but several other trees were also tapped by the Indians. From the birch and ash was made a dark-colored sugar, with a somewhat bitter taste, which was used for medicine. The box elder yielded a beautiful white sugar, whose only fault was that there was never enough of it!

A long fire was now made in the sugar house, and a row of brass kettles hung over the blaze. The sap was collected by the women in tin or birchen buckets and poured into the canoes, from which the kettles were kept well filled.

The hearts of the boys beat high when they heard the welcome hissing sound of the boiling sap!

Each boy claimed one kettle for his especial charge. It was his duty to see that the fire was kept up under it, to watch lest it should boil over, and finally when the sap became syrup, to test it upon the snow, dipping it out with a wooden paddle.

So often did he make these tests, that for the first day he ate nearly all that could be made; and it was not until the sweetness began to pall, that my grandmother set herself in earnest to store up sugar for future use.

She made it into cakes of different forms in birchen molds, and sometimes in hollow canes or reeds, and the bills of ducks and geese, — some of it was powdered and packed away in rawhide cases.

Being an economical woman, she did not give it to us after the first month or so, except upon special occasions; and it was thus made to last the year around.

The smaller candies were kept as an occasional treat for the little fellows. The sugar was eaten at feasts with wild rice or parched corn, and also with pounded dried meat.

To the Pupils:

1. Arrange the names of the following animals in a column; opposite each, write the names of the young of that animal; and, finally, place a heading over each column:

Sheep, hen, owl, swan, man, cow, horse, frog, duck, eagle, goat, goose, dog, cat, trout.

2. Make a second arrangement of the same words, alphabetically (Dictionary arrangement).

3. Make declarative sentences by telling what the following persons did:

(a.) Hercules ———————— the Nemean lion.

(b.) David ———— Goliath.

(c.) Perseus ———— Andromeda.

(d.) Pandora ———— the box.

(e.) Abou Ben Adhem ———— from a deep dream of peace.

4. Change each of the sentences under 3 into the interrogative form; as, from *The sun shines* would be made, *Does the sun shine?*

To the Teacher:

Each of the exercises should be corrected from blackboard work. Wherever possible, the sentences in Exercise 3 should be taken from the Reader.

Phonic review, pp. 340-345.

THIRTY-SECOND EVENING

The children were sitting around the table, waiting for Grandpa. Belle and May were reading their library books; Ben had buried his face in a paper.

Suddenly the girls heard Ben chuckling. They looked up, and Belle asked, "What are you laughing at, Ben?"

"At this," replied Ben. "Just listen to what this paper says:"

An actor tells a story of a dusky Hercules that thrusts all former champion divers into the shade.

"A brawny negro was once employed as a laborer on the docks at Memphis, Tenn., to help unload a cargo from the steamer, *Anna P. Silver.*

"The negro was carrying anvils ashore, and so great was his strength that he carried one under each arm.

"In crossing the narrow gangplank with an anvil under each arm, the negro slipped and fell into the water.

"He came up puffing and blowing. 'Throw down a rope,' he yelled.

"The men on board laughed at him.

"'Throw down a rope,' pleaded the negro, treading water vigorously.

"Getting nothing but jeers, the negro cried excitedly:

"'For the land's sake, man, throw down a rope, or I'll drop one of these anvils.'"

"I hope he didn't drop it on his toes," said May. Just then Grandpa came in.

"What are all of you laughing at?" asked Grandpa.

Ben read the story again.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Grandpa. "He was a Vulcan and a Hercules rolled into one, wasn't he?"

"Neptune, too, Grandpa," said Belle. "He seemed to be so much at home in the water."

Grandpa had taken a letter from his coat pocket. He held it in the air. "See what I have," he exclaimed, showing the foreign postage stamp.

"A letter from Grandma! A letter from Grandma!" cried all three at once. "Oh, do read it, Grandpa!" And Grandpa opened and read this letter:

THE HAGUE, HOLLAND,
March 22nd, 1913.

Y DEAR CHILDREN:

What a quaint city I am in, and what quaint children I meet as I go about the streets! And if May had some of the Dutch dollies I see in the shop windows here, how happy she would be!

And such clean streets! Everything is like wax.

Yesterday I left Amsterdam, where I had been for some weeks. I enjoyed the pictures in the Rijks' Museum very much, the Rembrandts and de Hoochs especially.

During my short train ride here, it seemed as if I could see nothing but dikes, canals, and windmills. While in Amsterdam, I stayed with a real old Dutch woman. Here is her picture with the room in which she usually sat.

One day she took me to see a skating race. It was most exciting. Here is the story of it.[1]

The course is a half-mile one, to be skated over twice, making a mile in all.

In a tent near the start are the musicians, and waiting near it are the racers, forty in all, boys and girls. They cannot stand still. Their skates are a part of them; and every runner seems bewitched.

Holland is the place for skaters, after all.

[1]From "Hans Brincker," courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.

A STREET IN AMSTERDAM

Look at Ben. (Not our Ben in America, but another Ben in Holland.) Such jumping, such spinning, such whirling, such india-rubber games generally!

That boy with the red cap is the lion now: his body is a watch-spring, his body is cork — no, it is iron, or it would snap at that. He is a a bird, a top, a rabbit, a corkscrew, a fairy, a ball, all in one instant. When you think he's up, he's down, and when you think he's down, he's up.

A French traveler, standing by with his notebook in his hand, sees Ben buy a doughnut and eat it. He at once writes in his notebook that the Dutch take large mouthfuls, and like potatoes boiled in molasses. Of course, he doesn't know that Ben is English.

Twenty girls are formed in a line. The music has ceased. A man, whom we shall call the crier, stands between the columns and the first judges' stand. He reads the rules in a loud voice:

"THE GIRLS AND BOYS ARE TO RACE IN TURN, UNTIL ONE GIRL AND ONE BOY HAVE BEATEN TWICE. THEY ARE TO START IN A LINE FROM THE UNITED COLUMNS, SKATE TO THE FLAGSTAFF LINE, TURN, AND THEN COME BACK TO THE STARTING-POINT; THUS MAKING A MILE AT EACH RUN."

A flag is waved from the judges' stand. Madame Van Gleck rises in her pavilion. She

leans forward with a white handkerchief in her hand. When she drops it, a bugler is to give the signal for them to start.

The handkerchief is fluttering to the ground. Hark! They are off!

No. Back again. Their line was not true in passing the judges' stand.

The signal is repeated.

Off again. No mistake this time. Whew! how fast they go!

DUTCH GIRL

The multitude is now quiet for an instant, taken up with eager, breathless watching.

Cheers spring up along the line of onlookers. Huzza! Five girls are ahead. Who comes flying back from the boundary mark? We cannot tell. Something red, that is all. There is a blue spot flitting near it, and a dash of yellow nearer still. Onlookers at this end of the line strain their eyes, and wish they had taken their post nearer the flagstaff.

The wave of cheers is coming back again. Now we can see. Katrinka is ahead!

She passes the Van Holp pavilion. The next is Madame Van Gleck's. That leaning figure gazing from it is a magnet. Hilda shoots past Katrinka, waving her hand to her mother as she passes.

Two others are close now, whizzing on like arrows. What is that flash of red and gray? Hurrah, it is Gretel! She, too, waves her hand, but toward no gay pavilion. The crowd is cheering; but she hears only her father's voice: "Well done, little Gretel!" Soon Katrinka, with a quick, merry laugh, shoots past Hilda. The girl in yellow is winning now. She passes them all, — all except Gretel. The judges lean forward without seeming to lift their eyes from their watches. Cheer after cheer fills the air; the very columns seem rocking. Gretel has passed them. She has won.

"GRETEL BRINKER, one mile!" shouts the crier.

The judges nod. They write something upon a tablet which each holds in his hand.

While the girls are resting, — some crowding eagerly around one frightened little Gretel, some standing aside in high disdain, — the boys form in a line.

Mynheer Van Gleck drops the handkerchief, this time. The bugles give a vigorous blast. Off start the boys!

Halfway already. Did ever you see the like?

Pieter de Hooch, 1620–1681

DUTCH INTERIOR

Here Grandpa stopped and said, "I must go to the orchestra rehearsal. More of Grandma's letter to-morrow night," and he folded the letter up and put it into his pocket.

To the Pupils:

1. Use the following interrogative sentences as indicated by your teacher:

(a.) Where were the children sitting?
(b.) What were Belle and May doing?
(c.) What was Ben doing?
(d.) What did the girls hear?
(e.) What did they ask?
(f.) What did Ben reply?

2. Write in your own words what Ben read from the paper about the man who fell overboard.

To the Teacher:

Select pupils to ask the questions and others to give the answers. Each answer should be a declarative sentence.

This may be made very interesting by having sides, with a captain to each, the captains to do the questioning.

THIRTY-THIRD EVENING

The children came rushing in, crying out, "Make haste, Grandpa, make haste. We do want to hear the rest of Grandma's letter."

So Grandpa took the letter out of his pocket, unfolded it, and read:

Three hundred legs come flashing by in an instant. But there are only twenty boys! No matter: there were hundreds of legs, I am sure. Where are they now? There is such a noise, one gets bewildered.

What are the people laughing at? Oh! at that fat boy in the rear.

See him go! See him! He'll be down in an instant; no, he won't. I wonder if he knows he is all alone: the other boys are nearly at the boundary line. Yes, he knows it. He stops. He wipes his hot face. He takes off his cap, and looks about him.

Better to give up with a good grace. He has made a hundred friends by that hearty, astonished laugh. Good Jacob Poot!

The fine fellow is already among the spectators, gazing as eagerly as the rest.

A cloud of feathery ice flies from the heels of the skaters as they "bring to," and turn at the flagstaffs.

Something black is coming now, one of the boys: it is all we know. He has touched the *vox humana* stop of the crowd; it fairly roars. Now they come nearer; we can see the red cap. There's Ben, there's Peter, there's Hans!

Hans is ahead. Young Madame Van Gend almost crushes the flowers in her hand: she had been quite sure that Peter would be first. Carl Schummel is next, then Ben, and the youth with the red cap. The others are pressing close. A tall figure darts from among them. He passes the red cap, he passes Ben, then Carl. Now it is an even race between him and Hans. Madame Van Gend catches her breath.

It is Peter! He is ahead! Hans shoots past him. Hilda's eyes fill with tears: Peter must beat. Annie's eyes flash proudly. Gretel gazes with clasped hands: four strokes more will take her brother to the columns.

He is there! Yes, but so was young Schummel just a second before. At the last instant, Carl, gathering his powers, had whizzed between them, and passed the goal.

"CARL SCHUMMEL, one mile!" shouts the crier.

Soon Madame Van Gleck rises again. The falling handkerchief starts the bugle; and the

bugle, using its voice as a bowstring, shoots off twenty girls like so many arrows.

It is a beautiful sight; but one has not long to look: before we can fairly distinguish them, they are far in the distance. This time they are close upon one another.

It is hard to say, as they come speeding back from the flagstaff, which will reach the columns first. There are new faces among the foremost, — eager, glowing faces, unnoticed before. Katrinka is there, and Hilda; but Gretel and Rychie are in the rear. Gretel is wavering; but, when Rychie passes her, she starts forward afresh. Now they are nearly beside Katrinka. Hilda is still in advance: she is almost "home." She has not faltered since that bugle note sent her flying: like an arrow, still she is speeding toward the goal. Cheer after cheer rises in the air. Peter is silent, but his eyes shine like stars. "Huzza! Huzza!"

The crier's voice is heard again:

"HILDA VAN GLECK, one mile!"

A loud murmur of approval runs through the crowd, catching the music in its course, till all seems one sound. When the flag waves, all is still.

Once more the bugle blows a terrific blast. It sends off the boys like chaff before the wind, — dark chaff, I admit, and in big pieces. It is whisked around at the flagstaff, driven faster

yet by the cheers and shouts along the line. We begin to see what is coming. There are three boys in advance this time, and all abreast, — Hans, Peter, and Lambert.

Carl soon breaks the ranks, rushing through with a whiff. Fly Hans; fly Peter: don't let Carl beat again!

Carl the bitter, Carl the insolent. Van Mounen is flagging; but you are as strong as ever. Hans and Peter, Peter and Hans: which is foremost? We love them both. We scarcely care which is the fleeter.

Hilda, Annie, and Gretel, seated before the long crimson bench, can remain quiet no longer. They spring to their feet, so different in appearance and yet one in eagerness. Hilda instantly reseats herself: none shall know how interested she is; none shall know how anxious, how filled with one hope. Shut your eyes, then, Hilda, hide your face rippling with joy. Peter has beaten.

"PETER VAN HOLP, one mile!" calls the crier.

The same buzz of excitement as before, while the judges take notes, the same throbbing of music through the din; but something is different. A little crowd presses close about some object near the column. Carl has fallen. He is not hurt, though somewhat stunned. If he were less sulky, he would find more sympathy in these warm young hearts.

As it is, they forget him as soon as he is safely on his feet again.

The girls are to skate their third mile.

How steady the little maidens look as they stand in line! Some are solemn with a sense of duty; some wear a smile, half bashful, half merry; but one air of determination is reflected from them all.

This third mile may settle the race. Still, if neither Gretel nor Hilda win, there is yet a chance among the rest for the silver skates.

Each girl feels sure that, this time, she will make the distance in one-half the time. How they stamp to try their runners! How anxiously they examine each strap! How straight they stand at last, every eye upon Madame Van Gleck.

The bugle thrills them again. With quivering eagerness they spring forward, bending, but in perfect balance. Each flashing stroke seems longer than the last.

Now they are skimming off in the distance.

Again the eager straining of eyes; again the shouts and cheering; again the thrill of excitement, as, after a few moments, four or five, in advance of the rest, come speeding back, nearer, nearer, to the white columns.

Who is first? Not Rychie, Katrinka, Annie, nor Hilda, nor the girl in yellow, but Gretel, — Gretel, the fleetest sprite of a girl that ever skated. She was but playing in the

earlier race; *now*, she is in earnest, or, rather, something within her has determined to win. That graceful little form makes no effort; but it cannot stop, — not until the goal is passed!

In vain the crier lifts his voice: he cannot be heard. He has no news to tell: it is already ringing through the crowd, — *Gretel has won the silver skates!*

Like a bird, she has flown over the ice; like a bird, she looks about her in a timid, startled way. She longs to dart to the sheltered nook where her father and mother stand. But Hans is beside her: the girls are crowding round. Hilda's kind, joyous voice breathes in her ear. From that hour, none will scorn her. Goose-girl or not, Gretel is Queen of the Skates.

* * * * * * *

But my letter is so long, I fear you will never finish it.

Grandpa writes me that you are good children; that Ben is trying not to forget, and Belle is trying to think. This, you know, I am glad to hear.

When next you hear from me, I shall be in Germany.

Auf wiedersehen!

Your loving

GRANDMA.

SKATING IN HOLLAND

To the Pupils:

1. *Vox humana* is Latin for human voice: it is the name of a pipe in the organ; **distinguish,** to make out; **insolent,** overbearing, insulting; **sympathy,** fellow-feeling; *Auf wiedersehen* (vēē dĕr sĕn), German: meaning *Till we meet again.*

2. Use the following, showing what is done to things, in place of the dashes: *is made, are built, was discovered, has been read, was bereft.*

(a.) The book ———————— by me.
(b.) Niobe ———————— of all her children.
(c.) Honey ———— by bees.
(d.) Nests ———— by birds.
(e.) America ———————— by Columbus.

To the Teacher:

This exercise may be oral.

Read to your pupils Lowell's "Auf Wiedersehen."

Phonic review, pp. 340-345.

THIRTY-FOURTH EVENING

Ben looked rather glum when he came in. As he sat down near the girls, Grandpa said, "What is the matter, Ben? Why do you look so downcast?"

"It's that Skinny again, Grandpa. I was kept in again to-day, through him."

"How did that happen?" inquired Grandpa.

"He's showing a new streak lately. None of the fellows want to play with him, he's so mean. Now he is boasting that we are afraid of him. I thought when Boasting Billy got his work papers and left school, that we were through with that sort of thing. But it seems not. The worst of it is that, as I told you, Skinny says we are afraid of him."

"Afraid of him!" exclaimed Belle. "Oh, pshaw!"

"Yes, he says he can run faster, jump farther, hit harder, and play ball better than any other fellow in the school."

"He's a kind of Munchausen, it seems to me," said Grandpa.

"Munchausen? Who was he, Grandpa?"

"Oh, a man who liked to boast and to pull the long bow. Here are one or two of his stories:"

An Adventure of Baron Munchausen

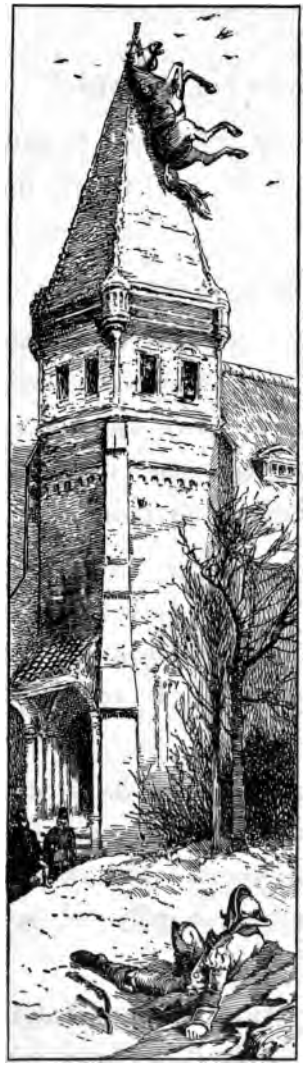
I set off from Rome on a journey to Russia in the midst of winter, from an idea that frost and snow must, of course, improve the roads, which every traveler through the northern parts of Europe had described as being very bad.

I went on horseback as the best way of traveling. I was but lightly clothed, and from this I felt great discomfort as I advanced northeast.

What must not a poor old man have suffered in that severe cold, whom I saw on a bleak meadow in Poland, lying on the ground, helpless, shivering, and having hardly wherewithal to cover his nakedness!

I pitied the poor old soul. Though I felt the severity of the weather myself, I threw my mantle over him, and at once I heard a voice from the heavens, blessing me for that act of

charity, saying: "You will be rewarded for this in time, my son."



"... I BEHELD HIM, HANGING ..."

I went on. Night and darkness overtook me. No village was to be seen. The country was covered with snow, and I did not know the road.

Tired out, I alighted and fastened my horse to something like the pointed stump of a tree which appeared above the snow. For the sake of safety, I placed my pistols under my arm and lay down on the snow, where I slept so soundly that I did not open my eyes till full daylight.

It is not easy to understand my astonishment at finding myself in the midst of a village, lying in a churchyard.

Nor was my horse to be seen; but I heard him soon after neigh somewhere above me. On looking upward, I beheld him, hanging by his bridle to the weather-cock of the steeple.

Matters were now quite plain to me. The village had been covered with snow the night before. A sudden change in the weather had taken place. While asleep, I had sunk down to the churchyard at the same rate as the snow had melted away, and what in the dark I had taken to be the stump of a little tree appearing above the snow, and to which I had tied my horse, proved to be the weather-cock of the steeple!

Without delay, I took one of my pistols, shot the bridle in two, brought down the horse, and proceeded on my journey.

This horse, you will remember, was the one given me by the Count, and which I had ridden around on his tea-table one evening, to the great pleasure of the ladies who were present. Though I made him trot and gallop across the table on that occasion, he broke neither cup nor saucer! You may imagine how glad I was to get him down from the top of the steeple!

This same horse I rode at the head of my

regiment when attacking the enemy. I had my flankers out on the right and left, and we soon put the enemy to flight, and pursued them into a walled town. They let drop the gate, as my horse was going through, and cut him in two!

I thought he was lost. But, no! Our surgeon brought the parts together while warm and sewed them up with sprigs of laurel that were at hand. The wound healed; the laurel grew and formed a bower, so that ever after I could ride in the shade of my horse's laurels.

The Tale of the Wolf in Harness

The horse carried me well. Advancing into Russia, I found traveling on horseback rather unfashionable in winter. Therefore I followed, as I always do, the custom of the country, took a single-horse sledge, and drove briskly toward St. Petersburg.

I do not recollect exactly where it was, but I remember that in the midst of a dreary forest, I spied a terrible wolf making after me, with all the speed of winter hunger.

He soon overtook me. There was no chance of escape. I laid myself down flat in the sledge, and let my horse run for our safety.

"... A TERRIBLE WOLF MAKING AFTER ME ..."

What I wished, but hardly hoped or expected, happened at once. The wolf did not mind me in the least, but took a leap over me and, falling furiously on the horse, began instantly to tear and devour the poor animal, who ran the faster for his pain and terror.

Thus unnoticed and safe myself, I lifted up my head, and with horror saw that the wolf had eaten his way into the horse's body. It was not long before he had fairly forced himself into it. Then I fell upon him with the butt-end of my whip.

This sudden attack frightened him so much, that he leaped forward with all his might, and the horse's carcass dropped on the ground. The wolf, however, was in the harness, and, I

THE WOLF WAS IN THE HARNESS

on my part whipping him continually, we both arrived in full career safe at St. Petersburg, contrary to our own hopes, and very much to the astonishment of the spectators.

To the Pupils:

In the sentence, *The horse carried me well,* what words denote what is told about? What is said of *the horse?* Every sentence is divided in a similar way into two parts: The **subject,** or that which names what is told about; and the **predicate,** or that which tells what we say about the subject.

Place the word *Subject* at the upper left hand corner of your paper, and three inches to the right the word *Predicate.* Arrange the subjects and the

predicates of the following sentences under their proper headings, each predicate opposite its subject:

Dogs bark.
The horse carried me well.
The river runs to the sea.
The earth is round.
The wind is blowing hard.
The sun shines brightly.

To the Teacher:

The work should be inspected as you pass around the room. Use the blackboard if necessary.

Phonic review, pp. 340-345.

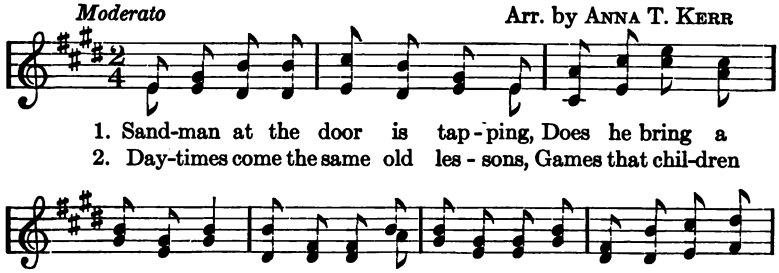
THIRTY-FIFTH EVENING

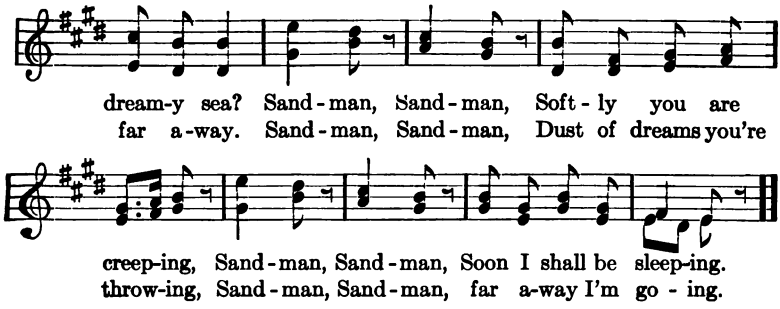
"Do you know, children, we haven't had any singing for some time Come to the piano, and let us have a song," was Grandpa's salute to the children as they came in.

"Oh, Grandpa, I am so tired," said May. "I worked very hard in school to-day, and when we came home Belle helped me make a new dress for a birthday present for my Spanish doll."

"If you are so tired as that, lassie, let us sing a restful song." And Grandpa played, and they all sang

THE SANDMAN.





After finishing the song, they sat around the table, and Grandpa asked, "How did you get along to-day, Ben?"

"Oh, Grandpa, I am glad you told me that story last night. When Skinny began boasting in the play ground to-day, I just said, 'O you Munchausen!'"

"What did the other fellows do?" asked Belle.

"They asked me why I called him Munchausen, and I repeated the stories Grandpa told us last evening."

"What happened then?" asked Grandpa.

"Oh, all the fellows began to call him Munchausen, and I think he will stop boasting and drawing the long bow," replied Ben.

Here they were interrupted by a long "c-a-u-g-h" from May. She was fast asleep and snoring.

Belle woke her up and took her off to bed. So there was no story telling that evening.

To the Pupils:

1. Give a subject for each of the following predicates when called upon:

———— creeps.	———— wriggle.
———— ceased.	———— fly.
———— swim.	———— burns.
———— twinkle brightly.	———— trots quickly.

2. Copy the twentieth group of words in the Vocabulary, marking the accented syllable.

To the Teacher:

Have No. 2 corrected as in a previous similar exercise, p. 151.

Phonic review, pp. 340-345.

THIRTY-SIXTH EVENING

"Oh, Grandpa, it has been such a mixed-up day," said Belle. "The sun was shining brightly when we started for school this morning, but before we got halfway there, it was raining hard. Then it cleared up for a little while, but it has been showery ever since."

"Didn't you carry an umbrella?" asked Grandpa.

"No, Grandpa," said Belle.

"It is well to remember that April is a showery month," said Grandpa, "and that showers and umbrellas should go together. These gentle rains mean that spring is here and that nature is wakening from her winter sleep. Listen to what a poet says of the rain:"

April

All night the small feet of the rain
  Within the garden ran,
And gentle fingers tapped the pane
  Until the dawn began.

The rill-like voices called and sang
The slanting roof beside;
"The children of the clouds have come;
Awake! awake!" they cried.

"Weep no more the drooping rose
Nor mourn the thirsting tree;
The little children of the storm
Have gained their liberty."

All night the small feet of the rain
About my garden ran.
Their rill-like voices called and cried
Until the dawn began.

— *Dora S. Shorter.*

— *Courtesy of Westminster Gazette.* (*England.*)

"I like the second stanza best, don't you, Grandpa?" asked Belle.

"They are all musical, I think," said Grandpa. "And now, children, I must tell you that I am going away for a little while."

"Going away! Where?" said all three at once.

"The orchestra is going to give a few Beethoven concerts in cities nearby and, as Mr. Dickens has a vacation next week, we all thought that would be the best time to go."

"Take us with you, Grandpa," said Belle.

"I should like to, but I can't," replied

(*1770-1827*) LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN
(*Musician*)

Grandpa. "We shall be playing at night and traveling by day."

"There wouldn't be much fun for me in that," said Ben.

Grandpa looked at his watch and said, "Ben, call up Wilson's garage, and tell him to send me a taxicab to-morrow morning, in time for me to catch the first train for Plaintown."

Ben went to the telephone and took down the receiver:

Ben: "Hello, Central."

Central: ——————

Ben: "Give me 1234 Main."

Main: ——————

Ben: "Is this Wilson's garage?"

Main: ——————

Ben: "This is Ben. Grandpa wants a taxicab here to-morrow morning in time to get the first train to Plaintown."

Main: ——————

Ben: "Hold the wire, please.

* * * * * * *

"Grandpa, he says that the first train is a slow one, and that there is an express train leaving an hour later, getting to Plaintown forty minutes ahead of the first."

"All right, Ben. Tell him that the express will do, and ask him to call for Mr. Dickens before he calls for me," said Grandpa.

* * * * * * *

Ben: "Hello! Grandpa says you are to call for him in time to catch the express. Please call for Mr. Dickens before you call here."

Main: ——————————.

Ben: "Very well. Good-bye."

* * * * * * *

"Grandpa," said Ben, as he hung up the receiver, "Wilson says that the express leaves at 10:40, and that he will be here for you at 10:20 to-morrow morning."

"Thank you very much, Ben. Now, to-morrow morning I want you to send a telegram to the Hotel Astor, Plaintown, asking them to reserve a room with bath for Mr. Dickens to-morrow afternoon, as well as one for me."

"Very well, Grandpa," was Ben's reply.

"You had better write the telegram this evening," said Grandpa. "Then it will be ready to send early to-morrow morning; and as Mr. Dickens knows the owner of the hotel, he asked me to sign his name to the telegram. Please do so for me."

So Ben wrote this telegram:

Hotel Astor, Plaintown:

Please reserve two outside rooms with baths for to-morrow afternoon.

CHARLES DICKENS

TO THE PUPILS:

Write out a telephone conversation that is supposed to have taken place between yourself and your chum, each of you to speak five times. Fill the blanks on p. 200.

TO THE TEACHER:

Collect, correct, and return.

Phonic review, pp. 340-345.

CHAPTER I

Grandpa had been gone a longer time than was expected. The concerts were so successful that the tour had been extended. Mr. Dickens came back to school, as the spring vacation was over, and another man had taken his place in the orchestra.

The children missed Grandpa very much. There was no one to tell them stories.

One evening, as they sat around the table, wondering how long it would be before Grandpa got back, in came their father with a letter in his hand.

"Well, children," said he, "I have just received a letter from Grandpa. He says that he will be home in a few days and that he has plenty of new stories for you."

"Fine! Fine!" cried all the children. "He can't come too soon."

"Here is a special note for May, which Grandpa enclosed in mine," said their father, handing a small envelope to May.

"Oh, May, do read it out loud," said Belle.

May opened it at once, and read as follows:

HOTEL ASTOR, PLAINTOWN,
April 22, 1913.

MY DEAR HEBE:

Last night, after the concert, your poor old Grandpa's knee pained him so much that he could not sleep a wink. He had a fall yesterday afternoon, and twisted his right knee a little. There is nothing to worry about, though.

So most of the night he sat up in an armchair, reading about a little girl who was even more fond of dolls than you. Her name was Isa Bowman — Isa being short for Isabel. I'm sure you have heard of her uncle, Lewis Carroll, who used to write her the funniest letters!

One of these letters reminded me so much of you and of your large family of dolls that I've copied it for you.

Here it is:

> MY DEAR BIRDIE:[1]
>
> I met her just outside Tom Gate, walking very stiffly, and I think she was trying to find her way to my rooms. So I said, "Why have you come here without Birdie?" So she said, "Birdie's gone! And Emily's gone! And Mabel isn't kind to me!" And two little waxy tears came running down her cheeks.

[1]From "The Story of Lewis Carroll," by Isa Bowman.

Why, how stupid of me! I've never told you who it was all the time! It was your new doll! I was very glad to see her, and I took her to my room, and gave her some vesta matches to eat, and a cup of nice melted wax to drink, for the poor thing was very hungry and thirsty after her long walk.

So I said: "Come and sit down by the fire, and let's have a comfortable chat."

"Oh, no! *no!*" she said. "I'd *much* rather not. You know I do melt so *very* easily!"

And she made me take her quite to the other side of the room, where it was *very* cold: and then she sat on my knee, and fanned herself with a penwiper, because she said she was afraid the end of her nose was beginning to melt.

"You've no *idea* how careful we have to be, we dolls," she said. "Why, there was a sister of mine — would you believe it? — she went up to the fire to warm her hands, and one of her hands dropped *right* off! There now!"

"Of course it dropped *right* off," I said, "because it was the *right* hand."

"And how do you know it was the *right* hand, Mr. Carroll?" the doll said.

So I said, "I think it must have been the right hand, because the other hand was left."

The doll said, "I sha'n't laugh. It's a very bad joke. Why, even a common wooden doll could make a better joke than that. And besides, they've made my mouth so stiff and hard, that I *can't* laugh if I try ever so much!"

"Don't be cross about it," I said, "but tell me this: I'm going to give Birdie and the other children one photograph each, whichever they choose; which do you think Birdie will choose?"

"I don't know," said the doll; "you'd better ask her!"

So I took her home in a hansom cab.

Your affectionate friend,
LEWIS CARROLL.

I hope to be home in a few days, and I shall have some new stories for you.

Your loving
GRANDPA.

After the letter had been put away, May said, "Oh, won't it be pleasant to have Grandpa with us again!"

"Yes," said her father. "And while we are waiting to see him, shouldn't you like to go into

the woods to-morrow afternoon to search for wild flowers?"

"Splendid!" said Belle, clapping her hands. "Fine!" cried May, and, "Bul — no, I mean splendid, too!" said Ben.

To the Pupils:

1. Supply predicates for the following subjects:

Grandma ————————.	May ————————.
The moon————————.	Roses ————————.
Bees ————————.	Horses ————————.

2. Write out the telegram you think Grandpa sent the children, telling them of his safe arrival. Use not more than ten words.

To the Teacher:

No. 1 is an oral exercise that may profitably be extended by having some pupils write subjects on the blackboard, and having other pupils supply the predicates.

CHAPTER II

The next day was Saturday. Early in the afternoon—in fact while they were just finishing luncheon—Father said to the children: "Aren't we going for our walk to-day?"

"Of course," replied the children.

"Well, then, let us make haste. Put on your rubbers and let us get into the woods as quickly as possible." Soon everybody was ready, and off they started, the children chattering like magpies.

Said Belle, "I know where to go. Alice brought some wild flowers to our teacher yesterday, and she told me where she got them."

"All right," said her father. "You be the guide. Only get us there as soon as possible. I am longing for a smell of spring!"

After a walk through the pasture where, at every step, they wished for rubber boots instead of overshoes, they came to an old stone wall.

Perhaps you have seen an old tumble-down stone wall that looks sociable and inviting? Where the stones are covered with soft green mosses and dainty brown lichens; and where on the sheltered side, even in winter, you may, if you search carefully, find a few blades of bright green grass or a hardy clover?

Well, this was such a wall; such a wall as our blind poet, Helen Keller, sings of:

I am kneeling on the odorous earth;
The sweet, shy feet of Spring come tripping o'er
the land;
Winter is fled to the hills, leaving snowy wreaths
On apple tree, meadow, and marsh.
The walls are astir; little waves of blue
Run through my fingers, murmuring,
"We follow the winds and the snow!"
Their heart is a cup of gold.
Soft whispers of showers and flowers
Are mingled in the spring song of the walls.

— *From "The Song of the Stone Wall," by Helen Keller. Courtesy of The Century Co., (Copyright, 1909) and the author.*

Mother Nature knows how kind such an old wall is to her frail little charges. Sure enough, as the walkers came near the wall, they saw a wee speck of blue peeping out at them.

May's bright eyes were the first to spy it; and in an instant she was down on her knees, scraping away the dead leaves, as she exclaimed: "Oh, Papa! I have found something."

She found a little ice and snow, too, even though it was a bright spring day. But the other children helped, and they soon scraped away these wintry reminders, also.

Then they found, safe in the lee of the wall, a dainty hepatica, the earliest of the spring flowers where the children lived.

Scraping away some dead chestnut, oak, and maple leaves, they found some fuzzy little buds, wrapped up in their gray caps to keep them warm. How cosy they looked, snuggled down among the protecting brown leaves of the bygone summer!

For you see, Mother Nature is a wise old lady, and she knows very well that Jack Frost would be delighted at the opportunity of nipping the soft, fuzzy buds and the beautiful blue and pink flowers. Perhaps she keeps the leaves of last year to protect the little newcomers.

"Do not pick them all, children," said their father. "If we come home this way, we must

stop and look at the plant again. I want you to see it when it is ready to answer the Sandman's call."

"Do plants get sleepy, too?" asked May.

"Yes, indeed!" replied their father. "Have you never seen a poppy in the garden close its petals and go to sleep at sundown? The hepatica is such a sleepy-head that when bedtime comes, the stems go to sleep as well as the flowers. And they remind me of sleepy little gray kittens nodding and napping in the summer sun. But we must go on, if we are to have our walk to-day."

ANEMONE

So over the wall they climbed, and Belle ran on ahead. In a minute she called out that she had found another flower.

"It is such a beautiful white flower! But how frail it looks, just as if the wind would blow it away!"

"This, Belle, is the anemone (a nĕm ō nē), or wind-flower, as some people call it," said their father. "It is said that the old Greeks named it the wind-flower because it blossomed

when the winds were blowing hard in the spring.

"They had another story about it, too. Adonis was a beautiful youth, who delighted in hunting savage beasts.

"Venus, who loved him, begged him not to do so, but to give his attention to such animals only as ran away from the hunter.

"Adonis made light of her warnings. But one day, when he was following a wild boar, and had wounded it with his spear, the savage animal turned on him. It gored him in the side with its sharp tusk, so that he died.

"When the goddess saw him bathed in his own blood, she mourned bitterly over him, and said that, as Proserpine had changed a nymph into the mint plant, giving it fragrance in place of the beauty of the nymph, so Adonis should be turned into a flower.

"Then she sprinkled nectar over him. Before an hour had passed, a beautiful flower had sprung from his blood. Like Adonis, it is short-lived."

"Here is another dainty one," exclaimed Ben, "or is this a different flower? It looks very like the anemone, only there are several blossoms on a stem."

"It is an anemone, too — the rue anemone — and, as you say, it is very like the other, only that its flowers grow in clusters. The anemones are cousins of the hepatica, for they belong to the same family."

By this time, May had gone some distance ahead through a beautiful grove of birches.

Their catkins were dancing in the breeze, and she could see the tender green leaves getting ready to wake from their long winter sleep.

In a pretty sheltered nook, where a little brook rippled over the stones, May found her first violets. They were as blue as her eyes, and as sweet as the breath of spring.

The children were so busy picking violets for several minutes that they failed to notice something else growing on the edge of the brook.

But Ben soon grew tired, and wandered on. Suddenly he shouted, "Oh! see what I've found! What is this queer looking plant? It has a little striped hood, and something inside the hood that looks like a spike."

"That is the little preacher of the woods: Jack-in-the-pulpit. And over there you will see one of its cousins, the skunk cabbage. It is

not so pretty as the little preacher in the green and brown hood, but it is one of the very earliest of the spring plants.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

"Do you know that the beautiful, stately calla lily belongs to the same family as these two modest plants that grow in out-of-the-way woodland places?

"There are many other plants in this family, but to me the quaint little Jack-in-the-pulpit is the most interesting.

"Have you ever heard the little poem, by Clara Smith, about it?

Jack-in-the-pulpit
  Preaches to-day,
Under the green trees
  Just over the way.
Squirrel and song-sparrow,
  High on their perch,
Hear the sweet lily-bells
  Ringing to church.

"But, children, the sun is going down, and if we are to see the hepatica going to sleep, we must turn toward home."

"Oh, just a little farther," pleaded May. "Perhaps we shall find some more pretty flowers over there on those rocks."

"Well, if you hasten, you may look," said the father.

Sure enough, when May had climbed to the top, she found another of the early spring flowers.

You will laugh when you hear the name her father gave it — Dutchman's breeches — but if you look at the picture, you will see what a good nickname that is.

DUTCHMAN'S BREECHES

Their father went on: "All flowers have a Latin name. These plants have two or three names, one Latin, the others English. The Latin name of Dutchman's breeches — *dicentra cucullaria* — is hard and long; but its other English name — white hearts — is short and pretty. In

some places it is also called soldier's cap, although I do not think it looks much like a cap, do you?"

Without waiting for an answer, he asked, "Which name do you like the best?"

The children looked closely at the flowers and talked about their names. While they were discussing the question, their father looked at his watch.

"We must go home now," said he, "or we may meet the fate that befell the Babes in the Wood. See how dark it is getting! I am afraid we shall not be able to find our sleepy hepaticas when we get to the stone wall."

As they were walking home, Ben said, "Wouldn't it be fun, Father, if we lived on a farm?"

"Well, Ben," was the reply, "your mother and I have been talking about taking the family to Mr. Smith's farm in a short time, to stay there for the summer. As soon as Grandpa comes home, we shall fix the time."

The children were delighted with the news; and it did not take them long to decide that at the farm May was to take care of the chickens, Belle, the calves and the lambs, and Ben, the horse and the dog.

And when they got home, Grandpa was there. How delighted every one was!

Everybody began talking at once, so that nobody could be understood. Fortunately, the supper bell rang, and everybody understood that.

When they went into the dining room, they found that Belle, who had stolen away a few minutes before, had decorated the table with wild flowers.

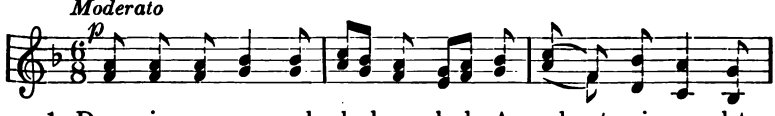
How pleased Grandpa was! Pointing to the violets, he said: "Those are Grandma's favorite flowers. I will teach you a new song about them after supper."

So when they went to the sitting room, they sang

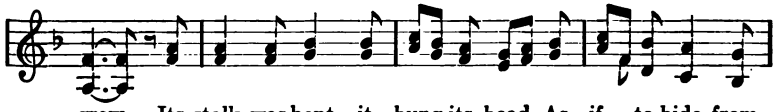
THE VIOLET.

JANE TAYLOR — Arr. by ANNA T. KERR

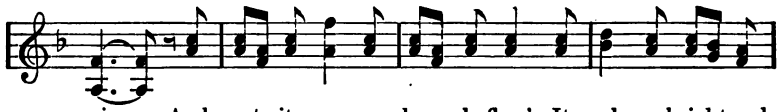
Moderato



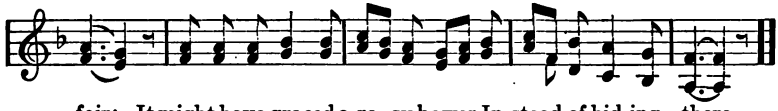
1. Down in a green and shad-y bed, A mod-est vi - o - let
2. Yet thus it was con - tent to bloom, In mod - est tints ar -



grew, Its stalk was bent, it hung its head, As if to hide from
rayed, and there dif-fused a sweet per-fume, With-in the si - lent



view. And yet it was a love - ly flow'r, Its col - or bright and
shade. Then let me to the val - ley go, This pret- ty flow-er to



fair; It might have graced a ro- sy bower In-stead of hid-ing there.
see, That I may al - so learn to grow In sweet hu-mil - i - ty.

After the song, Grandpa said, "Well, I must look over my mail. I see many letters waiting for me on the table."

"Yes," said Ben, "more letters than usual came while you were away. But father told me not to forward them, as none of them seemed to be important."

They gathered around the table. Grandpa opened his letters, and Ben and Belle read. May sat still, with her unopened book in her lap and a dreamy look in her eyes.

Suddenly, she sighed and said, "I wish I were a fish."

"Why?" exclaimed Grandpa.

"Because papa said the ocean is full of currents, and I like currants better than any kind of fruit except bananas, apples, oranges, and sweet potatoes." May seemed surprised at the laughter which followed her remark.

To the Pupils:

Pronounce: **Anemone** (ă nĕm′ ō nĕ), **Adonis** (a dō nĭs).

Each subject given in the exercise on p. 207 is a name. The name of any place, person, or thing, is called a **Noun.**

Each predicate given on p. 196 indicates action. Such words are called **Verbs.**

Write the word *Noun* at the top of your paper, to the left, and, to the right, the word *Verb*. Place under its proper heading, each of the following:

Story, walk, run, April, Juno, hat, climb, trot, cherry, dog, Hercules, saw, brought, gone, Sam, lamb, sold, give, driven, wagon.

To the Teacher:

Correct by means of the blackboard.

Phonic review, pp. 340-345.

THIRTY-SEVENTH EVENING

"I am so glad to be at home," said Grandpa to the children, "especially as it is Sunday."

"Did you have a pleasant trip?" asked Belle.

"Hardly so pleasant as it was interesting. We had to travel too fast."

"Was your room in the Astor all right?" asked Ben.

"The one you telegraphed for? Most comfortable."

"Wasn't that fine!" said May.

"And another very good thing about it was that it was off in one corner, so that we people of the wood-wind instruments could practise a little there without annoying any one."

"Wood-wind instruments! What are they?" exclaimed Ben.

"The flute, the oboe, the clarinet, and the bassoon," was the reply.

"Oh, I know that word," said Belle. "I learned it in the 'Rime of the Ancient Mariner':

> 'The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
> For he heard the loud bassoon.'"

"Yes," replied Grandpa, "Coleridge mentions a wood-wind instrument in his poem. But what story shall I tell you to-night?"

"Oh," said Ben, "as it is Sunday, please tell us some more about David. He was a great fighter."

"Very well," said Grandpa; and he went on to tell more about David:

David, the son of Jesse, was the hero of the hour after his victory over Goliath, and none thought more highly of him than did Jonathan, the son of Saul.

He loved David for his courage: "The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul."

He took off his princely robe, his girdle, even his sword and bow, and gave them all to David. These were honors as well as gifts.

Saul also showered honors upon David, and made him give up the life of a shepherd and live in the palace.

He also made him one of the chief captains, and he was often sent out to fight the enemies of the king.

David, even when old, was a skilful harper. Whenever the king was gloomy, he would send for David and his harp. And as the sweet music touched his soul, all his cares fled, and a feeling of calm content stole over him, such as Longfellow describes in that beautiful stanza:

"And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

But all this was to be changed. As David gained more and more fame as a warrior, Saul became less and less pleased with him. Finally he became jealous.

How different was Saul's character from that of his son, Jonathan!

It annoyed the King to hear the people always sounding the praises of David, and he lost his affection for the warrior. One day when David was playing before Saul, the King threw his spear at the harper, just missing him!

David, however, continued to be a favorite with the people, in spite of the dislike of the King.

Peter Paul Rubens, 1577–1640 *Frankfort*

KING DAVID

The Philistines became troublesome again, and Saul promised David that if he would go out against the enemy, he should have the hand of the King's eldest daughter, Merab, in marriage.

David did not seek this honor. "Who am I?" he said modestly; "who are my kinsfolk, and what is my father's family in Israel, that I should be son-in-law to a king?"

Nevertheless, he went forth to battle again, and came back victorious, to find Merab married. The King's promise had been broken.

Saul had another daughter, Michal, who loved this daring champion of Israel.

Saul promised her to David if he would again attack the Philistines.

David went forth to battle, and again returned victorious and unharmed. He claimed his bride, and he and Michal were married.

Still the King would not give up his determination to sweep David from his path, even though he was now David's father-in-law.

Jonathan was thus placed in a very trying position. He loved David "as his own soul"; yet his father had sent him word to slay David. He must protect his friend, yet he did not wish to displease his father.

He went to the King and asked him not to slay David. And Saul said, "As the Lord liveth, he shall not be put to death."

So delighted was Jonathan, that he brought David to his father, and they became friends again.

But not for long. Another victory over the Philistines made Saul's hatred of David as fierce as ever. Yes, he would slay David after all.

But David's life was saved by the devotion of his wife, and through her he escaped.

Jonathan made another effort to stay the King's evil hand, but it was useless. Saul, in his anger, threw a spear at his son.

Jonathan told David this when he returned to him. The two friends wept together.

"Go in peace," said Jonathan. "We have both sworn that God shall be between us and between our children forever. Farewell, David." And thus they parted.

David fled into the wilderness of Judah, and here he sang the Psalm[1] beginning, "O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee; my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for

[1] The 63d Psalm.

thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is."

Soon he had a band of followers about him, to the number of four hundred

Then Saul took three thousand chosen men and went to seek David and his men.

And he came to the sheep-cotes by the way, where there was a cave; and Saul went into the cave.

David and his men were in the cave at the time. David arose and secretly cut off the hem of Saul's robe. Then Saul came out of the cave and went on his way.

"Now," said Grandpa, "I will read you some of the story from the Bible itself." So Grandpa took his Bible, opened it, and read:

David also arose afterward, and went out of the cave, and cried after Saul, saying, My lord the king. And when Saul looked behind him, David stooped with his face to the earth, and bowed himself.

And David said to Saul, Wherefore hearest thou men's words, saying, Behold, David seeketh thy hurt?

Behold, this day thine eyes have seen how that the Lord had delivered thee to-day into

mine hand in the cave: and some bade me kill thee; but mine eyes spared thee; and I said, I will not put forth mine hand against my lord: for he is the Lord's anointed.

Moreover, my father, see, yea, see the skirt of thy robe in my hand: for in that I cut off the skirt of thy robe, and killed thee not, know thou and see that there is neither evil nor transgression in mine hand, and I have not sinned against thee; yet thou huntest my soul to take it.

The Lord judge between thee and me, and the Lord avenge me of thee: but mine hand shall not be upon thee.

* * * * * * *

And it came to pass, when David had made an end of speaking these words unto Saul, that Saul said, Is this thy voice, my son David? And Saul lifted up his voice and wept.

And he said to David, Thou art more righteous than I: for thou hast rewarded me good, whereas I have rewarded thee evil. * * * * And now, behold, I know well that thou shalt surely be King, and that the Kingdom of Israel shall be established in thine hand.

Here Grandpa looked at his watch and said, "There is too much for me to finish this evening. The rest you will hear to-morrow night."

To the Pupils:

Note the following:

The horse	trotted.
The black horse	trotted quickly.
The new black horse	trotted quickly to his stall.

In each sentence the subject contains the same noun, *horse;* and the predicate has the same verb, *trotted.*

Words have been added, however, thus enlarging the sentence. The meaning also has been changed, so we call the words that have been added to the noun and the verb, **modifiers or changers.**

Add modifiers to the following nouns and verbs, and thus make the sentences longer. Make the same arrangement as at the head of this lesson:

Birds	sing.
The boy	studies.
Leaves	fall.

To the Teacher:

Take up other skeleton sentences at the blackboard.

Phonic review, pp. 340-345.

THIRTY-EIGHTH EVENING

As soon as the children came in, Grandpa went on with the story of David and Jonathan. He began by reading two verses from the Bible:

Swear now therefore unto me by the Lord that thou wilt not cut off my seed after me, and that thou wilt not destroy my name out of my father's house.

And David sware unto Saul. And Saul went home; but David and his men gat them up unto the hold.

Grandpa closed the Bible, and went on telling the story:

David and his followers lived a wild, strange life. They were nomads or wanderers. For occupation, they protected the flocks of their neighbors, and for this they were paid in cattle, corn, and wine. They would also conduct travelers through the dangerous passes in the mountains, and for this, too, they were paid.

Not all of those protected, however, were grateful. Nabal was one of the ungrateful ones.

Nabal was a very rich man. He had three thousand sheep and one thousand goats grazing in the pastures, and David protected these flocks.

When sheep-shearing time came, David said to his young men: "Go to Nabal, greet him in my name, and say to him: 'Peace be to thee and to thine house, and unto all that thou hast.'"

They went to Nabal as they were told. But he would give them neither bread, nor water, nor flesh. So they returned and told David. Then David and his men determined to take what Nabal would not give.

Leaving two hundred behind to take care of the baggage, the rest girded on their swords and departed.

Nabal's wife, Abigail, heard of their approach. She was beautiful, good, and kind. She knew what a good friend David had been to her husband.

She soon made up her mind what to do. Hastily preparing a generous present of bread, wine, dressed meat, parched corn, raisins, and figs, she loaded it on donkeys, and started off with it.

Soon she met David and his men. "Blame me not for your harsh treatment," she said,

"but listen to me. Do not heed Nabal's message, for Nabal[1] is his name, and folly is his nature.

"Now, my lord, let me keep you from bloodshed. Behold this present. It is for you and your followers. Forgive my trespass, and may God make your house sure and fight your battles, and may no evil come upon you. When better days come you shall have no cause to repent having shed innocent blood. Do not then forget your faithful handmaiden, Abigail."

The thoughtful speech and the generous present caused David's anger to die away, and he said: "May God bless you for saving me from the guilt of bloodshed, and blessed be God that sent you."

Nabal died soon afterward. Some time later, David sent messengers to Abigail, asking her hand in marriage, to which she consented.

Grandpa took his Bible again, and read:

Now the Philistines fought against Israel, and the men of Israel fled from before the Philistines, and fell down slain in Mount Gilboa.

And the Philistines followed hard upon Saul and upon his sons; and the Philistines slew Jonathan and two other of Saul's sons.

[1]Hebrew, Nabai, fool.

And the battle went sore against Saul, and the archers hit him: and he was sore wounded of the archers.

Then said Saul to his armor-bearer, Draw thy sword and thrust me through therewith. . . .

But the armor-bearer would not; for he was sore afraid. Therefore Saul took a sword and fell upon it.

And when his armor-bearer saw that Saul was dead, he fell likewise upon his sword, and died with him.

So Saul died, and his three sons, and his armor-bearer, and all his men that same day together.

"And then," continued Grandpa, "was given to the world perhaps the greatest threnody ever written:"

DAVID'S LAMENTATION OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN

Thy glory, O Israel, lies slain upon the high places,
How are the mighty fallen!

Tell it not in Gath,
Publish it not in the streets of Askelon,
Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice,
Lest the daughters of the idolatrous triumph.
Ye mountains of Gilboa, let no dew nor rain fall upon you,
Ye fields and hills of death —

For there the shield of the mighty all stained was
cast away,—
The shield of Saul as of one not anointed.

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in
their lives,
And in their death they were not divided.
They were swifter than eagles,
They were stronger than lions.
Ye daughters of Israel, weep for Saul,
Who clothed you with scarlet in splendor,
Who put ornaments of gold upon your apparel.
How are the mighty fallen in the midst of battle!

Oh, Jonathan, slain upon the high places,
I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan.
Very dear hast thou been to me,
Thy love to me was wonderful,
More tender than the love of women.
How are the mighty fallen
And their weapons of war destroyed!

—*Courtesy of Maurice H. Harris.*

David was anointed king over the tribe of Judah, and Ish-bosheth, a son of Saul, over Israel. Then there was a long war between the houses of Saul and David; and David grew stronger and stronger, but the house of Saul grew weaker and weaker. At last Ish-bosheth was slain by two of his own men.

Then all the tribes of Israel came to David, and said:

"Behold, we are thy bone and thy flesh. In times past, when Saul was king over us, thou wast the one to lead out and bring back Israel; and the Lord said to thee, Thou shalt be a captain over my people Israel." So they anointed David king over Israel.

David was thirty years old when he began to reign, and he reigned forty years. In Hebron he reigned over Judah seven years and six months; and in Jerusalem he reigned thirty-three years over Israel and Judah.

As soon as Grandpa had finished, Ben asked him if he knew when they were all to go to the farm.

"Yes," said Grandpa, "your father and mother have decided that we are to go in a few days, as soon as your promotions are assured."

"Oh, that is good!" exclaimed Belle. "And now, Grandpa, as you have never been to our school, won't you come to-morrow morning?"

"What shall I see?" asked Grandpa.

"My class is going to give The Pied Piper

of Hamelin in the form of a play," was Belle's reply.

"I will come with pleasure," replied Grandpa.

To the Pupils:

Gat them up into the hold means got them up into the stronghold; a **threnody** is a song of sorrow.

1. Copy the paragraph beginning "Soon she met David and his men."

Copy the first two lines of the threnody; also the eleventh and the twelfth.

2. Make sentences by adding a different verb to each of these nouns:

The bell————. Niobe————. The sun———.
A bee ————. A fish ————

3. Make sentences by putting one noun before each verb:

———— chirp.	———— melts.
———— sing.	———— plays.
———— walks.	———— talks.

To the Teacher:

Nos. 2 and 3 may be oral.

Phonic review, pp. 340-345.

CHAPTER III

When Grandpa went to school in the morning, he saw the play:

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN[1]

Dramatis Personæ

TRAVELER	MAYOR AND HIS MEN
MAN HE MEETS	CHILDREN
TOWNSPEOPLE	LAME BOY
PIED PIPER	RATS

ACT I

TRAVELER: How many miles I am away from home! I have traveled for many weeks, and now I find myself in this little town of Germany. Hamelin, it is called. (*Looks about.*) It seems to be a pretty place and I'd like to see more of it — but wherever one goes, one must climb a hill. All the streets seem to lead up that big mountain. I never saw any

[1]*From "The Land of Make-Believe." Courtesy of Educational Publishing Company.*

roof steeper than the side of that mountain.

How slowly the river at its foot runs! It seems in no haste to get to the sea.

Here comes some one who lives in the town. I'll tell him what a pretty place I think it is, and perhaps he will stop and talk to me for a moment. (*The two meet.*) What a pretty spot you have for your home!

MAN: It is a pretty town, to be sure. All the people who live here love it dearly, but we are afraid that we shall have to leave it.

TRAVELER: And why should you have to leave it? Is there not enough work to be had?

MAN: Plenty. More than we can do.

TRAVELER: Then what can it be that would drive you from so pleasant a home?

MAN: Rats! We are in great trouble because of the rats. We don't know what to do.

TRAVELER: Rats? So many as to drive you from the town?

MAN: They will, if we can't find some way to kill them or to drive them away, for the town is full of great, big, dreadful-

looking rats. There are more of them than there are people in this town of ours!

TRAVELER: Where are all your cats and dogs? What are they doing to let the rats run wild?

MAN: These rats are the boldest things I ever saw. They even fight the dogs we set upon them, and they have killed every cat that tried to catch them.

TRAVELER: Dreadful! And do they come into your houses?

MAN: Indeed they do. Even the poor little babies, sleeping in their cradles, have been bitten by the terrible creatures.

TRAVELER: How can you keep them out of the pantries? I should think they'd get into the food.

MAN: Get into it? They carry a great deal of it right off. Whole cheeses, big ones too, have been taken from the factory where they are made. One cook was almost frightened to death, when two great rats jumped up and licked the ladle with which she was stirring the soup. She screamed so you could hear her half a mile away.

TRAVELER: I never heard anything like it in my life. How strong they must be!

MAN: Strong enough to split open kegs that hold the salt fish they like. Several rats must work together to do it.

TRAVELER: How they must frighten the women and children! Some women are afraid even of a little mouse.

MAN: The ladies have given up altogether the pleasant little parties they used to have; for they cannot hear themselves speak, because of the squealing of the rats.

TRAVELER: And the rats grow no less in number?

MAN: More and more all the time, and bolder and bigger too. Unless something is done very soon we cannot stay in the town. It is pretty hard to be driven from your home and city by rats.

TRAVELER: I never would be driven away by them.

MAN: But what would you do?

TRAVELER: Drive them away, to be sure.

MAN: Yes, but *how?* That is what we have been trying to do for weeks.

TRAVELER: It is the business of your Mayor and the men who help him to find a way to free the city from rats. Why do you have a Mayor, if it is not to keep the city as it should be? Get all of the men of the town together. Go to the Town Hall and tell your Mayor he must do something.

MAN: I believe you are right. If the town were overrun with thieves, we should expect the Mayor and police to rid the town of them. Why not rats as well? Come. Help me get all the men together at once. Let us lose no time. (*The two men go off together.*)

ACT II

Place: Mayor's office.

(*Mayor and men seated at table.*)

MAYOR (*to townsmen who enter room*): Good morning, gentlemen. What can I do for you?

FIRST MAN: We have come to ask you and your men to rid our town of this pest of rats.

MAYOR: We? What can we do more than you to drive them out?

FIRST MAN: We elected you to take care of the town. That is your business. Is this the best you can do? That is what we want to know. We do not think you know your business very well if you cannot find a way at once to make short work of the rats.

MAYOR: But, gentlemen, if I knew any way, or could think of any, the rats would have been driven out long ago. You must know that.

FIRST MAN: This we know — that unless you do think of some plan very soon that will rid our town of this pest — neither you nor your men shall be paid another cent of our money.

MAYOR: But, my good man — What do ——

MAN: More than that, if you do not drive the rats away we mean to drive you and every one of your men out of the town.

MAYOR: But wait! What can ——

FIRST MAN: Now that we have said our say, we will leave you to think what can be done.

(*Townspeople all march out, leaving Mayor and his men much perplexed.*)

MAYOR: Do any of you know what we can do?

FIRST MAN: How should we, any more than those men?

MAYOR: But they mean what they say. They will keep their word if we do not find a way.

SECOND MAN: Yes, we must find a way or they will send us packing — that is sure.

MAYOR: But what? But how? (*Buries his face in his hands, sits perfectly still thinking — hears gentle rap at door — speaks in startled tone.*) What's that? I am afraid to say, "Come in," for it only means more trouble for us. It is either some one to tell us about more dreadful things the rats have done, or else more men to tell us what we must do.

(*Another gentle rap — scraping of shoes on mat.*)

MAYOR (*at last calls*): Come in!

(*Stranger enters, and, as Mayor stares in astonishment at stranger, men comment among themselves on stranger's appearance.*)

FIRST MAN: The tallest, thinnest man I ever saw!

SECOND MAN: His eyes are as blue as summer skies, and as bright as diamonds.

THIRD MAN: But they are so small they look like pin points.

FOURTH MAN: Watch the smiles come and go about his lips. They are like flashes of sunlight.

FIFTH MAN: There seems to be no breeze in the room, and yet something lifts his light hair, as it hangs about his shoulders.

SIXTH MAN: The coat, men! — the coat he wears! Did you ever see a queerer one?

SEVENTH MAN: Or a longer one, from his head to his heels?

FIRST MAN: Do my eyes see aright? Is it half red and half yellow?

SECOND MAN: The same as the scarf that is tied about his neck.

THIRD MAN: That seems to be a flute that hangs at the end of this gay scarf.

FOURTH MAN: See how his fingers stray up and down his flute all the time.

FIFTH MAN: As if he'd like to be playing on it. But, listen! The queer fellow is speaking to the Mayor at last.

PIPER: They tell me your town is overrun with rats.

MAYOR (*nods sadly*): What you heard is all too true, stranger. But why have you come to tell us what we already know only too well?

PIPER: I have rid other towns of rats and bats and ants and all other things which make trouble in a place. I can rid your city of every rat in it, many as there are.

MAYOR (*springs to his feet — asks excitedly*): Who are you? Whence did you come? How are you going to do it? What is your plan? For how much will you do it? When can you begin? How soon can you begin? Can you do it at once?

PIPER: Listen a moment, Your Honor, and I'll tell you all you wish to know. Men call me the Pied Piper. I am able to make all things that creep or swim, or fly or run, follow me wherever I choose to lead them. If you will pay me one hundred dollars, I will rid your town of rats.

MAYOR: A hundred dollars! A small amount to be rid of the rats! I am willing to give you almost anything. Five thousand if you do it, though I do not believe you can do what you promise. I do not

believe all those hundreds of rats will follow you.

PIPER: Five thousand, did you say, Your Honor?

MAYOR: Five thousand was what I said, and even that will be a small price to pay for getting rid of such a pest as we have had for weeks.

PIPER: It is a bargain then.

MAYOR: The five thousand shall be yours the moment the town is rid of every rat in it.

ACT III

(*Piper steps to door and passes into street, playing shrill tune on his flute. The Mayor and his men, and all the townspeople rush into street to watch.*)

FIRST MAN: Look! Look! The rats are surely following, as he said they would.

SECOND MAN: See them tumbling out of those houses!

THIRD MAN: And watch them scurry out of those stores!

FOURTH MAN: It must be his strange music that calls them.

FIFTH MAN: I never knew before that rats

like music. What do you suppose the music sounds like in their ears?

SIXTH MAN: At the rate they are following, it must sound like the scraping of good salt fish, and the pressing of juicy apples for cider.

SEVENTH MAN: No doubt to some the music sounds like the uncovering of pickle-jars, and fruit-cans being opened.

EIGHTH MAN: Or corks drawn from oil casks, and butter-tubs broken open.

NINTH MAN: Perhaps the music means to them that there will always be plenty to eat after this, and that they'll never be hungry again.

TENTH MAN: They are running now, as though the music bade them munch their big dinner, and crunch their fine supper, and fill themselves full at their luncheon.

FIRST MAN: Did you ever see so many rats? And more are coming all the time.

SECOND MAN: All kinds of rats, big ones and little ones, fat ones and thin ones.

THIRD MAN: And so many different colors! Some are brown, and some are as black as a coal. The gray ones must be the old ones.

FOURTH MAN: Yes, some are so old they hobble, while the young ones frisk gaily along.

FIFTH MAN: That strange piper has the whole Rat Family at his heels: fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins, brothers, sisters, husbands, wives!

SIXTH MAN: He has been up or down every street in town. Now where will he take them, I wonder?

SEVENTH MAN: To the river! To the bank of the river! He means to drown them of course.

EIGHTH MAN: Yes, see! He has stepped quickly aside when he has got them to the water's edge.

PEOPLE (*shout*): Over they go! Every one of them! Down the bank into the river! Hurrah! Hurrah!

NINTH MAN: Now the rats are all drowned. At last our town is rid of the pest. Our homes are fit to live in again.

TENTH MAN: Let us have the bands play their liveliest tunes. (*Some march about room, drumming and singing to imitate band.*)

FIRST MAN: Ring the bells in all the steeples! (*Several imitate the ding-dong of bells.*)

SECOND MAN: Louder! Louder! Ring them so hard the steeples rock.

THIRD MAN: Fire the cannon! (*Several imitate boom! boom! of cannon.*)

FOURTH MAN: Come! Let us build bonfires as high as the houses. We can't do too much to show our joy. Those dreadful rats are drowned.

PIPER (*comes up to Mayor and his men — standing together in crowded street*): I have kept my promise, Your Honor, and I have come for the hundred dollars. I'll not ask the five thousand you promised, because you thought the rats would not follow me.

(*Mayor and men look doubtfully at one another.*)

MAYOR (*to men*): It seems a good deal to pay, now that the rats are gone.

FIRST MAN: The rats are dead. They cannot come back if we do not pay him.

SECOND MAN: Don't pay him. Tell him the hundred dollars was a joke.

MAYOR: Ha! Ha! So you thought I meant

that little joke about the hundred dollars, did you? Oh, no! That was a joke of mine. Very funny you believed it, wasn't it? (*All laugh loudly except the Piper.*) But we'll pay you something for your trouble. Go to the hotel and get a good dinner, the best you can order. We'll pay for it, and here is a dollar besides, my good fellow. A hundred dollars for playing a little tune like that! I have paid you well now, with a dinner and a dollar. More than you'd get in most cities I can tell you.

PIPER: I do not enjoy your kind of jokes, Your Honor. They do not seem at all funny to me. I am in a hurry to reach another city by nightfall, so do not keep me waiting any longer. Give me my hundred dollars that I may start on my way.

MAYOR (*shakes head angrily, roars out*): A hundred dollars? You beggar! Not one dollar more will I give you. Be off with you before I call the police.

PIPER: I will give you one more chance to keep your word to me. Then, if you do not give me my money, I'll play another

tune, the one I always play when people do not treat me fairly. For the last time I ask, will you give me my money?

MAYOR: Fellow! I have no money of yours. I owe you no money. I dare you to do your worst. Play till your old flute bursts for all I care. Do you think for one moment you can frighten the Mayor of Hamelin Town?

(*The Piper, without a word more, puts flute to lips and plays. People stop celebrating to listen.*)

ACT IV

FIRST MAN: Hark! That queer old Piper is playing again. Is he calling more rats?

SECOND MAN: This tune is not at all like the tune that called the rats.

THIRD MAN: No indeed. This is as soft as the gentlest breeze in summer.

FOURTH MAN: It is as sweet as the songs of birds.

FIFTH MAN: But it is a strange tune. I never heard one like it before.

SIXTH MAN: See! All the children are running to him! Crowds of them have left their play to go to him.

SEVENTH MAN: And look! They are following him, as he starts down the street.

EIGHTH MAN: What a pattering their little feet make, as they keep time to the music!

NINTH MAN: What a great clattering their wooden shoes make, as they hurry along!

TENTH MAN: They all seem very happy about something, for they are clapping their hands for joy.

FIRST MAN: How busily their little tongues are chattering, like the squirrels in the treetops.

SECOND MAN: They are gathering about the Piper, like hens in the farmyard about the one who feeds them.

THIRD MAN: How pretty the children of Hamelin are! Roses are no redder than their cheeks! Gold is no brighter than their curls!

FOURTH MAN: I believe the children of Hamelin are the prettiest in the world, for their eyes are as blue as the summer skies, and are as bright as diamonds.

FIFTH MAN: How they show their teeth, like snow-white pearls, when they laugh so merrily!

SIXTH MAN: I begin to be worried at our children following this strange Piper. Don't you think we should call them back, Your Honor?

MAYOR: Some one should certainly call them back, for they are getting farther and farther from home all the time; and who knows where the strange fellow with his queer music will lead them?

SEVENTH MAN: Every child in the town is in the odd procession that follows at this Piper's heels.

MAYOR: Come, then, my men! Let us all go quickly after them and bring them home before harm befalls them.

(*All cry*): We are bewitched! Alas! Alas! The Piper has bewitched us.

EIGHTH MAN: We are all rooted to the ground.

NINTH MAN: We must stand like men of stone while this Piper steals our children before our very eyes!

(*All cry*): The river! The river! He is turning toward the river!

MAYOR: Can no one do anything? Our children will be drowned in the deep waters as the rats were a moment ago!

(*All cry*): He is turning again! Oh, joy! He is turning away from the river.

MAYOR: And going toward the mountain.

FIRST MAN: Our children are safe, for neither Piper nor they can climb over the top of that.

SECOND MAN: We need not worry any more. We'll soon see our little folks stop and then turn back home, when they find they can go no farther.

(*All cry*): But what is that? Can we believe our eyes?

MAYOR: The side of the mountain is opening!

FIRST MAN: Surely that wonderful door was never there before.

SECOND MAN: It is swinging wide open to let him in. I hope he will go in and never be able to get out again.

THIRD MAN: He's gone in, but ——

(*All cry*): Our children! Our pretty babes are going in, too. We shall never see them again!

FIRST MAN: There goes the last one now

(*All cry*): What shall we do? The door is swinging shut!

MAYOR: Now it is closed. I fear, in sooth, that the fathers and mothers of Hamelin Town will never see their little ones again.

FOURTH MAN: What a sad town ours will be!

FIFTH MAN: The saddest one in all the world, — a town that has no children in it.

(*All cry*): How can we ever live without them? Oh, our children! Come back to us!

MAYOR: Let the bells in all the steeples be tolled for the rest of this sad day. Let the bands play their funeral music. Let us all go into the churches, and pray for ourselves and our little ones who have gone we know not where,— who are lost to us forever.

FIFTH MAN (*angrily*): This dreadful thing that has happened is all your fault, Your Honor.

SIXTH MAN: It would never have happened if you had not broken your promise to the Piper.

SEVENTH MAN: If you had paid the fellow he would have gone off, and we should not now be crying for our lost children.

MAYOR: What you say is true, my people. I should have kept my promise. It was very wrong to break it. I should have paid the hundred dollars that were his and let him go his way; but how could I know he was able to do this horrible thing if I did not give him his money? Five of my own little ones have followed the Piper into the mountain.

SIXTH MAN: His Honor would never harm a child.

SEVENTH MAN: No, we all know he loves them dearly.

EIGHTH MAN: Every one knows that all the children are his friends. But who is this, coming toward us?

(*All cry*): A child! O joy! A child!

NINTH MAN: Where are the rest?

(*All cry*): It is little lame Hans who lives near the church.

(*Hans comes up, looking very sad.*)

HANS: All my little friends are gone. I am the only child in Hamelin Town who did not pass through the wonderful door. I tried hard to get there before it closed; but I could not keep up with the others,

and fell so far behind that they did not even see me coming.

MAYOR: Tell us, my little man, why did you and all your little friends leave your homes and the fathers and mothers who love you, to follow this Piper whom you never saw before to-day?

HANS: The music the Piper played on his flute promised such beautiful things to all who would follow him.

MAYOR: What were some of the beautiful things the music promised you?

HANS: It told of a land so near that we could easily walk to it; where the ripest and juiciest fruits grew, and every child could have all he could eat. There were flowers, too, of most wonderful colors, blossoming in the gardens.

The sparrows that hopped about in the gardens were as gaily colored as any peacock you ever saw. The dogs that one would have for pets could run more swiftly than our fleetest deer. There were honey-bees buzzing about every flower, but we need not fear them, for not one had a sting. The horses in this

wonderful country had wings, as strong and swift as the eagles.

But the music was sweetest of all to me when it whispered that, when once I reached this land, I should be as strong and well as other boys, and able to run and play with them, but (*sadly*) my lame foot carried me too slowly.

The children all passed through the wonderful door in the mountainside, but it closed while I was yet a long way off. How lonely and dull I shall be all my life, with all my playmates gone. (*Walks away.*)

MAYOR: The only child in Hamelin Town! For I do not think we shall ever again hear the music of the strange Piper in our streets. I fear the wonderful door in the mountain will never open again. Our eyes will never again look upon our children's faces. Come, my poor people, let us go to our sad and lonely homes, for the night is coming on. As long as I live, I have this to remember: Had I not broken my promise to the Piper, all might have been well with our children.

To the Pupils:

Pick out the nouns in the first and the second paragraphs.

Dramatis personæ: the persons in the play.

To the Teacher:

Have the pupils exchange papers, and check mistakes, as you call off the nouns in order. Have the pupils compare the dramatized version with the original.

In casting the parts, have all your pupils take part. In other words, you may have two or three companies.

You will need two property men, who should be responsible for your properties. *There should be a safe place in which to keep the properties.*

THIRTY-NINTH EVENING

"Well, children, I enjoyed the play very much," remarked Grandpa as the children gathered around him.

"If it hadn't rained so hard, more people would have come to see it, I think," said Belle.

"No doubt," replied Grandpa. "But you know we can't have fine weather all the time. Rain is very necessary. Do you know what the English poet, Shelley, says of rain?"

None of the children knew, so Grandpa repeated to them some lines from Shelley's poem:

The Cloud

I bring fresh showers for the thirsty flowers,
  From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
  In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
  The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast
  As she dances about in the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail
  And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain
  And laugh as I pass in thunder.

(1792-1822) PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
English Poet

That orbed maiden with white fire laden,
  Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
  By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
  Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
  The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
  Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
  Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
  Are each paved with the moon and these.

Just as Grandpa finished repeating Shelley's lines, Father and Mother came into the room to tell the children that they were all going to the farm a week from that day.

"Oh, ho!" said Grandpa, "no more stories until we get to the farm. You little folks will need all the time to get ready."

CHAPTER IV

It was their first morning at the farm.

The children were up bright and early. They bathed, and dressed themselves as quickly as possible; for, looking out of the window, they could see Grandpa waiting for them in the garden.

Down they rushed to meet him, with "Good-morning, Grandpa."

"Good-morning, children. I have been up since sunrise. It has been so beautiful that it brought to my mind those wonderful lines of Milton about a May morning."

"What are they, Grandpa?" asked Ben.

Grandpa recited

May Morning

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May! that doth inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire;

Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

"I am going to copy that into my commonplace book, Grandpa, it is so beautiful," said Belle.

"A good idea," replied Grandpa. "Should you like to take a walk in the woods this morning after breakfast?"

"The very thing!" they exclaimed, as they trooped in to the sound of the breakfast bell.

"Now, children, we must be as quiet as possible, when we get into the woods. Above all, do not make any sudden motions with the hands when you see a bird," was Grandpa's advice as they started off.

Soon they reached the wood. Hardly had they set foot in it, when they heard a *rat-tat-tat.*

"A woodpecker," whispered Grandpa.

They all stood still, and looked in the direction of the sound. Soon their patience was rewarded, for they saw a downy woodpecker, in his black and white uniform, industriously seeking his breakfast of grubs in the bark of an elm.

WOODPECKER

They watched him for some time, in fact until he went to another tree for more breakfast.

Just then a robin flew by, his red breast telling who he was, and right behind him came another bird, smaller than a sparrow and yellow in color.

He alighted in a tree close by, and Grandpa had an opportunity of noting his color. When he saw that the little fellow was yellow below, and yellow tinged with green above, he knew it was a yellow warbler, and told the children so, adding that many people call it the wild canary.

RED-EYED VIREO

As they walked farther on in the woods, they heard the plaintive notes of the peewee, whose name and note are the same.

From the treetops nearby came a sweet song: "You see it? You know it? Do you hear me?" It took some time to spy out the singer, but finally Grandpa and the children could get glimpses of him as he flitted constantly to and fro in search of insects.

The little bird was white below, olive green above, and had an ash-colored cap, bordered by black and white lines, the lowest white line

just over his red eye. Grandpa whispered, "A red-eyed vireo."

But just then a robin began to sing. "What does he say?" asked Grandpa.

The children listened intently, and May said, after a few minutes, "He says 'Yuro-huro, yuro-huro, yuro-huro!'"

TE-KA-HION-WA-KE

"Then we must hasten home. An old friend of mine, an Indian chief of the Mohawk tribe, *Te-ka-hion-wa-ke* (Double Wampum) by

name, told me that whenever the robin sings that song, it will surely rain."

"Why?" asked all the children.

"I don't know. All I know is that anything Te-ka-hion-wa-ke tells me, I believe."

So off they started for home, and as they walked along, Grandpa told the children they should protect the birds in every way possible.

"How can we do it?" they asked.

"Well," replied Grandpa, "you can build bird-houses, and place water where the birds can get it easily. You can also fasten beef fat to the branches of trees as food for them, especially in winter, and you can protect them from cats and other enemies."

"We will do all those things, Grandpa," said the children.

"Another thing. Never capture a bird, to put it into a cage. Should you be tempted to do so, remember John Keats' poem, "The Dove."

The Dove

I had a dove, and the sweet dove died;
And I have thought it died of grieving;
Oh, what could it grieve for? Its feet were tied
With a silken thread of my own hand's weaving;
Sweet little red feet! Why should you die, —

Why would you leave me, sweet bird, why?
You lived alone in the forest tree,
Why, pretty thing, would you not live with me?
I kissed you oft and gave you white peas;
Why not live sweetly as in the green trees?

Hardly had they reached home when it began to rain. So the robin proved a true prophet.

"Now, children, to-night our story telling begins again," remarked Grandpa, as he hung up his hat.

To the Pupils:

Prophet, one who foretells.

Copy the first four lines of Milton's "May Morning." Copy also Keats' "The Dove."

Copy "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country, and among his own kin, and in his own home." — *Bible.*

To the Teacher:

Criticise the copied work of the pupils as you pass among them.

Phonic review, pp. 340-345.

(*1795-1821*) JOHN KEATS
English Poet

FORTIETH EVENING

It was a beautiful moonlight evening, and the family had gone out on the porch.

They sat in silence for some time, enjoying the beauty of the night. Suddenly, May, who was sitting at Grandpa's knee, looked up at him and asked: "Are there fairies, Grandpa?"

And Grandpa said

There Are Faeries.

I

There are faeries, bright of eye,
  Who the wild flowers' warders are:
Ouphes, that chase the firefly;
  Elves, that ride the shooting-star;
Fays, who in a cobweb lie,
  Swinging on a moonbeam bar;
Or who harness bumblebees,
Grumbling on the clover leas,
To a blossom or a breeze —
  That's their faery car.
If you care, you too may see
There are faeries. — Verily,
  There are faeries.

II

There are faeries. I could swear
I have seen them busy, where
Roses loose their scented hair,
  In the moonlight, weaving, weaving,
Out of starlight and the dew,
Glinting gown and shimmering shoe;
Or, within a glowworm lair,
  From the dark earth slowly heaving
Mushrooms whiter than the moon,
On whose tops they sit and croon
With their grig-like mandolins,
To fair faery ladykins,
Leaning from the windowsill
Of a rose or daffodil,
Listening to their serenade

All of cricket-music made.
Follow me, oh, follow me!
Ho! away to Faerie!
Where your eyes like mine may see
There are faeries. — Verily,
  There are faeries.

III

There are faeries. Elves that swing
In a wild and rainbow ring
Through the air; or mount the wing
Of a bat to courier news
To the faery King and Queen;
Fays, who stretch the gossamers
On which twilight hangs the dews;
Who within the moonlight sheen,
Whisper dimly in the ears
Of the flowers words so sweet
That their hearts are turned to musk
And to honey; things that beat
In their veins of gold and blue:
Ouphes, that shepherd moths of dusk —
Soft of wing and gray of hue —
Forth to pasture on the dew.

IV

There are faeries; verily;
  Verily:
For the old owl in the tree,
  Hollow tree,
He who maketh melody

For them tripping merrily,
  Told it me.
There are faeries. — Verily,
  There are faeries.

— *Madison Cawein.*

Courtesy of the author and publisher. (*Copyright, 1911, by The Macmillan Co.*)

"Well, folks!" said Grandpa, looking at his watch, "if we wait here much longer, we shall surely see the fairies. It will soon be the time that Joseph Rodman Drake tells of."

And Grandpa recited from

The Culprit Fay.

'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell.
The woodtick has kept the minutes well;
He has counted them all with click and stroke,
  Deep in the heart of the mountain oak,
And he has awakened the sentry elve
  Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
  And call the fays to their revelry;
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell —
('Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell)
"Midnight comes, and all is well!
Hither, hither, wing your way!"
'Tis the dawn of the fairy day.

"It is time to go in," said Grandpa; and then the party broke up.

To the Pupils:

Mr. Cawein uses an old-fashioned spelling, **faeries.** **Ouphes** (ōō), fairies; **verily,** truly; **grig,** a cricket or grasshopper; **to courier,** to carry.

Copy: Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

— *Psalms 37:3.*

Copy also the fourth stanza of Madison Cawein's poem.

To the Teacher:

Inspect the work as you pass around the room.

FORTY-FIRST EVENING

The children were seated at the table engaged in reading, while awaiting Grandpa's arrival.

When he came in, he seated himself, saying, "Well, children, you seem to be very busy."

They laid their books aside and Belle said, "I am reading a very interesting sea-tale."

"Who is the author?" asked Grandpa.

"Clark Russell," was the reply. "In one place he says: 'The man at the wheel was told to steer by the North Star.' Why was that, Grandpa?"

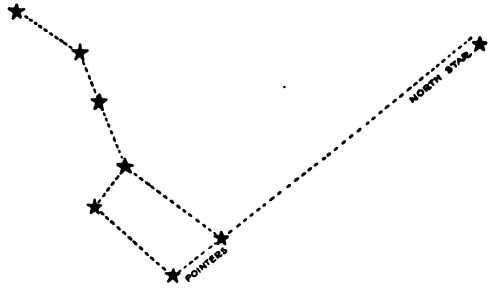
"They evidently wished the ship to sail toward the north. The North Star is so easily seen, that it is often used as a guide."

"Grandpa," said Ben, "won't you show us how to find the North Star?"

"I shall be very glad to do so, Ben. Come out where we can see it."

So they went out of doors, and Grandpa pointed out to them, in the northern heavens, the constellation of the Big Dipper.

As soon as each one had found it, Grandpa said, "The two stars of the edge of the dipper opposite the handle, point toward the North Star."



THE BIG DIPPER

In a minute, each had found the North Star, too, and Grandpa had them make this drawing, so that they would not forget.

"Now," said he, when they had finished, "the next clear night I shall show you some other constellations, if you wish. They can be seen better here in the country than in the city."

"Thank you very much," replied the children.

"Oh, Grandpa! I like the country!" said

May, "I have had such fun feeding the chickens."

"And what have you promised to take care of, Belle?"

"The lambs and the calves," was her reply.

"Your speaking of lambs brings something to my mind. I am going to tell you a story."

Jason and the Golden Fleece.

Jason's father, Aeson, a king of Iolchos in Thessaly, was thrown into prison by his half-brother Pelias, when Jason was a baby.

Pelias at the same time tried to kill Jason, but the baby was taken by Chiron, the centaur, who cared for him and brought him up. Pelias took Aeson's throne.

When Jason was a young man he made up his mind to take the throne from the wicked Pelias, so he left Chiron and started on his journey. Before setting out he put on a pair of beautiful new sandals.

On the way he came to a very swift river, and there on the bank stood an ugly old woman. She was weeping because the current was so rapid that she could not ford the stream.

When she saw Jason, young and strong,

she asked him to carry her over. Now Jason had been taught by Chiron to be kind to old and helpless people; so he took the old woman on his back and began the passage of the stream.

When he was halfway over, his feet stuck in the muddy bottom, and when he reached the shore on the other side, he discovered that he had lost one of his new sandals.

GREEK SOLDIERS

However, he went on his way, and when he reached the palace of Pelias, he demanded the kingdom which had belonged to his father.

Now, years before, it had been foretold that a man wearing only one sandal would one day come and take the kingdom from Pelias. So the false king was not greatly surprised when Jason appeared with one sandal missing. But he at once began to think of some

way to prevent Jason from taking the throne from him. Suddenly there came to his mind the golden fleece.

This fleece was kept hanging from an oak tree in a distant grove, which was sacred to the god Mars. It was the skin of a sheep which Mercury had once given to a goddess, and day and night it was carefully guarded by a fierce dragon.

Pelias told Jason that he would give him the kingdom if he would first bring the golden fleece to Iolchos. This, he thought, the young man could never do.

Jason built a fine large ship, which he called the *Argo.* He gathered together all the heroes of Greece to go with him. Among these was Hercules. They were called the Argonauts.

They started on their long voyage, and, after many adventures, arrived at a place ruled by a blind prince. This prince was a famous prophet, but he was most unhappy. Some years before the Argonauts visited him, he had, in a fit of rage, put out the eyes of his two sons. The gods, as a punishment, blinded him, also, and sent Harpies to torment him.

The Harpies were horrible monsters with

the faces of women, and the bodies of birds of prey. They hovered around the unfortunate prince, and when food was set before him, they either seized and devoured it, or made it unfit to eat. Thus the prince passed his days in misery.

THE HARPIES

Jason and his Argonauts went ashore to ask the prince's advice about their journey. He promised to help them, if they, in return, would drive away the Harpies.

Jason ordered a feast to be prepared, and as soon as it was ready the Harpies descended with a great noise.

Now two of the Argonauts were sons of the

god of the wind, and they wore powerful wings. So these two drew their swords and attacked the feathered women. The Harpies flew away, but the sons of the wind-god followed them over sea and land, and captured them.

Then the wingèd Argonauts returned, and, the blind prince having given them directions, Jason and his companions continued their journey.

To the Pupils:

1. Draw the constellation of the Big Dipper, and the North Star.

Tell how you found the North Star the last time you looked for it.

2. Make the following sentences longer. In other words, expand them by adding modifiers to each noun and each verb.

The bell rings. The fire burns.
Parrot talked. Pussy scratched.
Scholars improve.

To the Teacher:

Have the pupils prepare for the oral composition work by studying the northern heavens on a clear night. Individual criticism in exercise 2. Have the best read aloud.

FORTY-SECOND EVENING

"Children," said Grandpa, "I read a poem to-day that impressed me deeply. It shows me how much you children should get out of the country. Here it is."

And he read

The Oracle

I lay upon the summer grass.
  A golden-haired, sunny child came by,
And looked at me, as loath to pass,
  With questions in her lingering eye.

She stopped and wavered, then drew near,
  (Ah! the pale gold around her head!)
And o'er my shoulder stooped to peer,
  "Why do you read?" she said.

"I read a poet of olden time,
  Who sang through all his living hours —
Beauty of earth — the stream, the flowers —
  And stars, more lovely than his rhyme.

"And now I read him, since men go,
  Forgetful of these sweetest things;
Since he and I love brooks that flow,
  And dawns, and bees, and flash of wings!"

She stared at me with laughing look,
Then clasped her hands upon her knees:
"How strange to read it in a book!
I could have told you all of these!"

- From "The Earth Passion," by Arthur Davison Ficke. Courtesy of the Samurai Press, Cranleigh, Surrey, England.

And now let us go on with Jason and his search for the golden fleece:

In due time they arrived at a narrow opening that leads into the Black Sea, and here they had to overcome a far worse danger than the Harpies.

In this narrow place were two huge rocks which whirled around on their bases and caught and crushed any ship that attempted to go through the passage.

Now the blind prince had given Jason a dove, and had told him to send the dove through this dangerous place. The rocks, he said, would come together and try to crush the dove. Then, as they slowly swung apart, Jason and the other Argonauts must row the *Argo* through at top speed, before the rocks could close on them.

Jason carried out the prince's directions carefully, and as the dove entered the passage the rocks came together with a noise

like the rumbling of thunder. Then, slowly, slowly, they swung open.

This was the moment for which the Argonauts had been waiting. Quick as a flash, they rowed the *Argo* through. They were not a second too soon, for the immense rocks whirled together and crushed the rudder of the ship. But the heroes were thankful to have escaped with so little damage.

The rocks have never moved since; for thus it was fated to be, if once a ship passed through.

After many more adventures they arrived at the country where the golden fleece hung in the grove of Mars. Here, more trouble awaited them.

Jason went at once to the king of the country, Æetes, and told him what was wanted. Æetes answered that Jason might have the golden fleece, if he could perform several difficult feats:

First, he must tame and yoke to a plow two wild bulls, that had brass hoofs and breathed out fire. Secondly, he must plow with them a piece of land. Thirdly, he must kill a horrible serpent and sow some of its teeth in the land he had plowed. From these teeth there would

spring up a crop of powerful warriors, and these also Jason must kill.

If he were successful in all these things, he might then confront the dragon that guarded the golden fleece.

Now the king, Æetes, had a daughter named Medea, who was an enchantress, and who loved Jason very deeply. She determined to help him to perform the tasks which her father had set him, in order that he might win the golden fleece.

First, she gave him an ointment to rub on his body. This was to protect him from the fire that the bulls breathed out. With this aid, Jason seized and harnessed the bulls and plowed the field.

When the armed warriors sprang up, Jason, by the order of Medea, threw huge stones at them. Each warrior then thought that one of his comrades had stoned him, so they began to fight among themselves, and ended by killing one another.

After the tasks were performed, Æetes told Jason that the next day he might go to the grove of Mars and take the golden fleece. The king, however, hoped that the dragon would put an end to Jason.

(*N. Sichel*) MEDEA

Medea warned Jason not to waste a moment, because her father had planned to attack the Argonauts that night, and to burn their ship.

So she led him at once to the garden, and charmed the dragon to sleep with her magic drugs.

Then Jason took the golden fleece, and before dawn the *Argo* and the Argonauts were at sea.

After many more exciting adventures they arrived at the kingdom of Iolchos in Thessaly, to find that the wicked Pelias had killed Jason's father during their absence. He had felt sure that Jason would never return, and that he would be safe on the throne for many, many years.

Jason said nothing, and delivered to Pelias the golden fleece. But Medea, who had returned with Jason, caused the wicked Pelias to be put to death by his own daughters.

To the Pupils:

1. Copy the last stanza of "The Oracle."

2. A ēē tēs.

3. How many sentences in the paragraph beginning "First she gave him." Sentences grouped in a paragraph must be closely connected in thought.

The paragraph should deal with but one idea or topic.

What is the idea or thought in the stanza you have just copied?

How is the beginning of a paragraph marked?

4. Write a short composition of three paragraphs, as follows:

The Biography of a Horse.

(a.) A colt in the country.

(b.) Sold to a man in the city.

(c.) After three years, resold to a man in the country.

To the Teacher:

Exercises 2 and 3 should be oral.

FORTY-THIRD EVENING

Grandpa had been away for some time. It was near the end of June when he came back. As he approached the house, he saw that they were waiting for him on the lawn.

"Let us sit down under the linden," said Grandpa after the first greetings, "as I feel a little tired after my journey."

"Well, Grandpa," said Ben, "we all hope you had a pleasant time."

"Yes, thank you, I did," replied Grandpa. "But it is always pleasanter to come home than it is to go away from it."

"Won't you show us a new constellation this evening, Grandpa?" asked May.

"Certainly. By the way, what was the name of Andromeda's mother?"

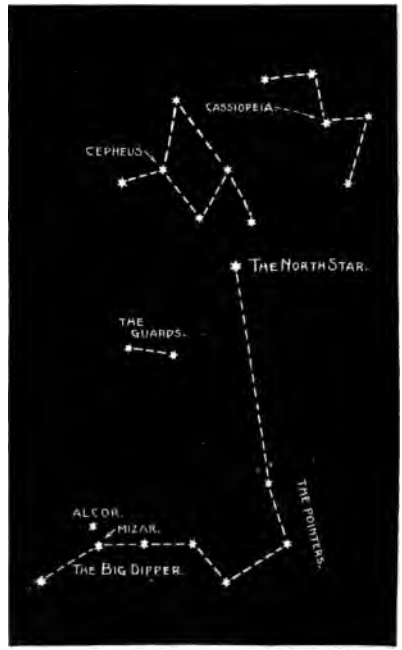
"Cassiopeia," quickly replied Belle.

"You will find her — the Lady in the Chair, as she is called — on the opposite side of the North Star from the Pointers. This group of stars looks like a large *W*.

"Between the Pole Star and the Dipper, you will see two small stars. These are called 'The Guards.'

"The stars all appear to circle around the North or Pole Star. Make a drawing like this": and Grandpa handed them one.

"Now stick a pin through the North Star, and turn the picture around. In this way you will get an idea of how the stars in this part of the sky appear to move.



CONSTELLATION OF CASSIOPEIA

"You will find that no matter in what part of the sky the stars may be, or whether it be during summer or winter, the Guards will always be in a position between the Big Dipper and the Pole Star.

"To-morrow night we will look for Perseus and Andromeda. And now that I am rested,

suppose we go into the house, and have some music."

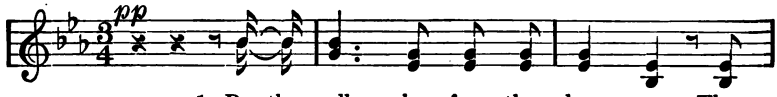
They went into the house, and after a while Grandpa seated himself at the piano, saying:

"Suppose we sing The Linden Tree."

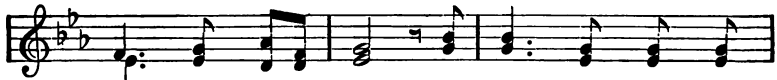
THE LINDEN TREE.

German Folk Song — Arr. by Clara L. Purcell

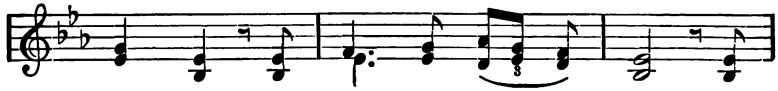
Fr. Schubert



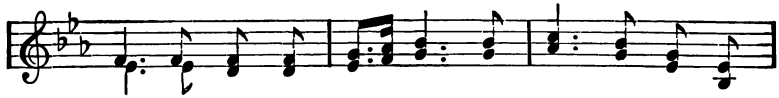
1. By the well be - fore the door - way There
2. To - day I now must wan - der All
3. Now man - y leagues I'm far from The



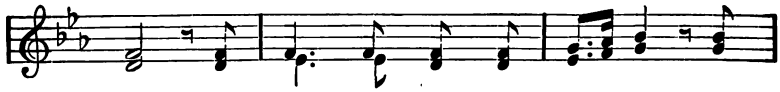
stands a lin-den tree, How oft be - neath its
thro' the deep-est night; I pass'd it in the
dear old lin-den tree, I ev - er hear it



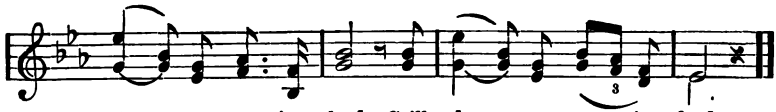
shad - ow Sweet dreams have come to me; Up -
dark - ness, 'T was hid - den from my sight. The
mur - mur: Peace thou wouldst find with me. Tho'



on its bark when mu - sing Fond words of love I
branch-es rust - led gent - ly, As if they spoke to
ma - ny leagues I 'm far from The dear old lin - den



made, And joy a - like and sor - row Still
me: Come here, be - lov'd com - pan - ion, Here
tree, I ev - er hear it mur - mur, Peace



drew me to its shade, Still drew me to its shade.
peace shall smile on thee, Here peace shall smile on thee.
thou wouldst find with me, Peace thou wouldst find with me.

To the Pupils:

1. Make the drawing that Grandpa suggested.

2. Copy the part you sing.

3. There are three sentences in the following paragraph. Rewrite it, putting in the capitals and punctuation marks: how is it my dear inquired a teacher of a little girl that you dont understand this simple thing the little girl replied I dont know indeed sometimes however i think i have so many things to learn that i havent time to understand.

To the Teacher:

If this constellation is drawn on oak-tag, the drawing will be useful to the children later.

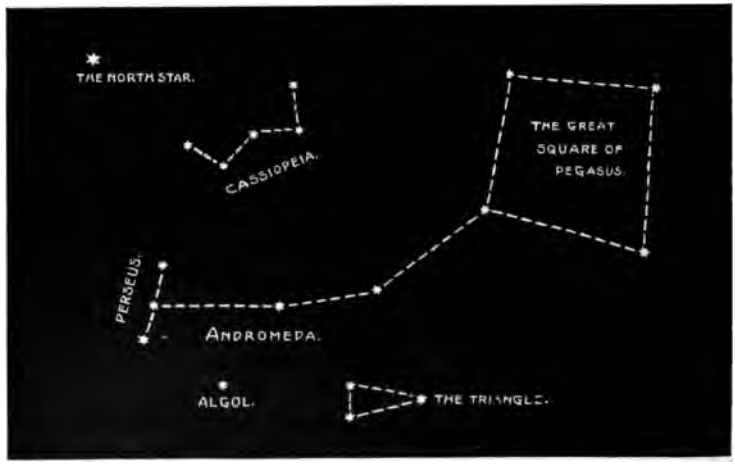
Corrections in 2 and 3 should be made from the Bb.

Phonic review, pp. 340-345.

FORTY-FOURTH EVENING

"Before we go out to look for the constellations of Perseus and Andromeda," said Grandpa, let us look at this drawing.

"Remember that Cassiopeia is on the other side of the North Star from the Big Dipper.



CONSTELLATIONS

Having found Cassiopeia, you will have no trouble finding Andromeda, who is very near her mother."

Each child made a drawing similar to that

shown them by Grandpa, and then went out of doors to find the constellations in the heavens.

Finding the North Star first, they soon located the constellations for which they were looking.

It was a glorious night. The soft rays of the moon bathed the landscape in a mellow light. A gentle zephyr from the west breathed through the branches of the linden, while their dark shadows moved to and fro on the moonlit grass.

They stood in silence for some time, and then Grandpa repeated in a low voice: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork."

They walked slowly back to the house. Entering, they found Father and Mother seated at the table in the sitting-room, whom they told of the beauty of the night.

"Indeed," said Grandpa, "it brought to my mind those beautiful lines of Hu Maxwell:

And the stars in their beauty were shining above
From the fields of the limitless sky;
And the zephyrs came whispering whispers of love
As soft as the breath of a sigh.

"Do you wonder that the Greeks have so many stories about the beauties of nature? By the way, I have never told you of the creatures that peopled the woods and the streams in those old days, have I?"

"No, Grandpa!" was the reply, in chorus.

"Then 'Listen my children, and you shall hear'":

The Satyrs lived in the deep forests, and spent their time hunting and dancing. Like Pan, the musician, they had small horns on their foreheads, and the lower part of their bodies was goat-like in form.

The beauty of nature gave rise to the idea of nymphs, joyous and graceful creatures, having the appearance of beautiful maidens, and dwelling in the forests and streams, mountains and valleys.

The mountain-nymphs were called Oreads. They were bold, swift, and graceful, and attended Diana, the goddess of the chase.

The Naiads were nymphs of the springs, streams, and lakes, and were closely connected with the water lilies.

The Oreads and the Naiads were immortal, just as the mountains endure and the

DIANA OF THE HIND *Louvre)*

streams "go on forever." But the Dryads, or tree-nymphs, came into being with the tree that formed the dwelling place of each. When the tree was destroyed, the Dryad perished.

The Hamadryads are connected with the oak tree. Pomona, however, although she was a Hamadryad and the special guardian of the apple tree, took care of all fruit trees.

One of our southern poets, Madison Cawein, tells of the Hamadryad in his poem "Deep in the Forest."

> She stood among the longest ferns
> The valley held; and in her hand
> One blossom, like the light that burns
> Vermilion o'er a sunset land;
> And round her hair a twisted band
> Of pink-pierced mountain-laurel blooms.

The story of Dryope shows how those who destroyed a tree or plant were punished.

One day, when Dryope with her sister, Iole, and her little son, was gathering flowers to decorate the altars of the nymphs, she saw a lotus plant growing near the water.

She plucked some of the purple blossoms, and gave them to the child. Iole noticed that the plant was bleeding, and called her sister's

attention to it. The plant was the dwelling-place of the nymph Lotis.

Dryope turned to flee; but it was too late. She was already changed into a lotus plant, and rooted to the spot.

(*Sir Edward Burne-Jones*) A WOOD NYMPH

While still able to speak, she begged that she might be shielded from harm, and that her son might often be brought to play by her side, and taught to protect every plant and flower.

"And I, children, am like the poet. Hear what he says," went on Grandpa:

Beauty and Art

The gods are dead; but still for me
  Lives on in wildwood brook and tree
Each myth, each old divinity.

For me still laughs among the rocks
  The Naiad; and the Dryad's locks
Drop perfume on the wild flower flocks.

The Satyr's hoof still prints the loam;
  And, whiter than the wind-blown foam,
The Oread haunts her mountain home.

To him, whose mind is fain to dwell
  With loveliness, no time can quell,
All things are real, imperishable.

To him — whatever facts may say —
  Who sees the soul beneath the clay,
Sees proof of a diviner day.

The very stars and flowers preach
  A gospel old as God, and teach
Philosophy a child may reach;

That cannot die; that shall not cease;
  That lives through idealities
Of Beauty, ev'n as Rome and Greece;

That lifts the soul above the clod,
  And, working out some period
Of art, is part and proof of God.

— *From poems by Madison Cawein. (Copyright 1911 by the Macmillan Co., New York.)*

To the Pupils:

1. **Satyr,** (sā′ tẽr); **cascade,** a small waterfall; **oread,** (ō′ rė̇ ăd); **Diana,** (di̇ ăn′ ȧ;) **naiad,** (nā′-yăd); **dryad,** (drī′ ăd); **hamadryad,** (hăm′ ȧ drī ăd); **Pomona,** (pȯ mō′ nȧ); **vermilion** means a brilliant red; **Dryope,** (drī′ ȯ pē); **Iole,** (ī′ ȯ lė̇;) **quell** means to subdue, to overpower; **gospel,** glad tidings or news; **philosophy,** love of wisdom.

2. (a.) What things do:

Hercules killed Antaeus.
The Dryad's locks drop perfume.
The carpenter made the box.
Tom wrote the letter.
Bees make honey.
The pitcher hit the batter.

(b.) What is done to things:

Antaeus was killed by Hercules.

Put the headings *What things do* and *What is done to things* at the top of your paper. Copy the sentences under (a.) under their proper heading. Then change the form of each sentence to correspond to the sentence under (b.) and write it opposite its original, under the heading *What is done to things.*

To the Teacher:

Exercise 1 will give phonic drill. Exercise 2 may be either written or oral. It is a good blackboard exercise.

FORTY-FIFTH EVENING

"Oh, Grandpa," said Belle, "we children are going to give a play in the open air. It has been a secret until now, because we have been rehearsing."

"What!" exclaimed Grandpa, "only you and May and Ben?"

"Oh, no! All the neighbors' children are in it, too," was the reply.

"When will it take place?" asked Grandpa.

"The day after to-morrow," was Belle's answer.

"All right, you will see me there," replied he.

"Grandpa," said May, "do you know that June will soon be gone? I am so sorry. It is such a beautiful month."

"Well may you say that, little one. I am reminded of a poem I learned when I was as small as you, and felt just as you do about June."

"Oh, won't you tell it to us, Grandpa?"
So Grandpa repeated

Slower, Sweet June

Slower! sweet June,
Each step more slow;
Linger and loiter as you go;
Linger a little while to dream,
Or see yourself in yonder stream,
Fly not across the Summer so.
    Sweet June! be slow.

Slower! sweet June,
Oh, slower yet;
It is so long since we have met,
So long ere we shall meet again;
Let the few days that still remain
Be longer, longer, as they flow,
    Sweet June! be slow.

Slower! sweet June,
And slower still;
Let all your matchless beauty thrill
My soul! Stretch out this day so bright,
Far, far along midsummer's height,
Till sunset back to sunrise glow.
    Sweet June! be slow.

Slower! sweet June,
Yes, wait awhile;
The meadow stars look up and smile
That you are here; the grasses bend

Their heads to greet their dearest friend
And say, "She taught us how to grow."
    Sweet June! be slow.

Slower! sweet June,
Your footsteps bear
An echoing gladness everywhere;
The robin hears it in his nest
And answers, "June, dear June, is best."
The rippling brooks your presence know.
    Sweet June! be slow.

Slower! sweet June,
Turn on your track
And send your fragrant blossoms back;
Give me one violet more, I pray;
One apple bloom, one lily spray;
Teach one more rosebud how to blow.
    Sweet June! be slow.

Slower! sweet June,
Again I cry;
She does not stop to say goodbye,
But toward the North or toward the South
She turns; I seek her rosy mouth
For one more kiss; I press her hair
And know, alas! she is not there.

To the Pupils:

1. Copy the third stanza.

2.

What things do.	What is done to things.
Ben made the box	The box was made by Ben.
	A concert was given by the orchestra.
	Her dolls are loved by May.
	His pigeons were forgotten by Ben.
	A good story was told by Grandpa.
	The red-eyed vireo is known to me.

Copy the sentences under "*What is done to things.*" Then change the form of each, so that it will properly go under "*What things do,*" and place it there.

To the Teacher:

See note p. 299.

Phonic review, pp. 340-345.

CHAPTER V

The great day had come. The stage was just on the edge of the woods, and the audience sat on chairs arranged beneath the trees. Here is the play·

THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER

PROLOGUE

Long ages ago, there was in Greece a small village in a beautiful valley. The people who lived in this village were very selfish and wicked. They had no pity for the poor, and always refused to help any homeless traveler who wandered that way. They brought their children up to be as rude and unkind as they were themselves, and clapped their hands when the little ones threw mud and stones at some wayfarer. Worse still, they kept fierce dogs, which were permitted to run about and snap at the heels and tear the robes of strangers.

But if rich people came with their beautiful horses and fine clothes, the villagers were the

meekest people in the world. Woe to the child who shouted and threw stones then!

One day, two strangers came to the village. They looked poor and weary. You will see what came of their visit.

Characters

ELDER TRAVELER	PHILEMON
YOUNGER TRAVELER (*called Quicksilver*)	BAUCIS
	VILLAGERS

SCENE I

The village. Two travelers entering the village. Barking dogs, noisy, rude children, annoying the strangers.

YOUNGER TRAVELER (*knocking at a cottage door*): We are poor travelers in search of food and a place to rest. Will you kindly help us?

VILLAGER: We have nothing for tramps and beggars. You should work and buy your food.

YOUNGER TRAV.: Let us go to another house.

SECOND VILLAGER: We are busy here, you lazy fellows. Go elsewhere and beg.

(*They go from house to house in the village, stopping at every door. At every*

place they are turned away with an unkind word.)

ELDER TRAV.: Yonder is a little cottage on the hillside. Let us try that. Perhaps we shall find shelter there.

(*They walk wearily toward the last cottage.*)

SCENE II

Cottage of Philemon and Baucis. Philemon and Baucis sitting talking.

BAUCIS: How thankful we should be, Philemon, for our little home, and for our fine cow.

PHILEMON: Yes, indeed, and for the grapes from our vine, and the splendid honey we get from our bees. But hark! what is that noise? Do you hear it?

BAUCIS: Yes, it is the children of the village shouting. Listen! Now I hear the dogs barking. No doubt they are annoying some poor traveler. Ah! what wicked people these are. They will surely be punished some day.

PHILEMON: Those children will certainly never be a comfort to their parents. Indeed,

I believe that some dreadful thing will happen to the people of this village, for all their wicked deeds.

BAUCIS: Well, well, so long as we have a crust of bread we must share it with the poor and the homeless.

PHILEMON: Yes, that we must. But how loudly the dogs are barking!

BAUCIS: And how the children shout! Let us see what is the matter. (*Looking out at the cottage door.*)

PHILEMON: There are two men coming through the village. Their clothing is torn, and they look worn and weary. Shall I go to meet them?

BAUCIS: Yes, do. I suppose they have been turned away from every door by these wicked people. Go and bring them home, while I get ready some food.

(*Philemon goes out to meet the travelers.*)

PHILEMON (*at the door*): Will you not come in and rest?

YOUNGER TRAV.: Thank you! We are weary and footsore from a long journey.

ELDER TRAV.: How uncivil your neighbors are! Never have I seen such unkind people, nor such rude children.

BAUCIS (*appearing*): Let us try to make you forget the unpleasant greetings the townspeople have given you. You must be hungry.

YOUNGER TRAV.: Yes, we are, and dirty, too. Look at our clothes. Those children have covered us with mud, and their dogs have torn our cloaks, which were already ragged enough. But I rapped one of the curs over the nose with my staff. A staff is a great help to a poor traveler, and mine is a very good staff. (*Shows staff.*)

PHILEMON: What an odd staff! Why, it has wings! And there are two snakes on it! Do I see them wriggling, or are my old eyes fooling me? Is it bewitched, stranger?

YOUNGER TRAV.: Oh! no. It is just a good staff, that is all.

PHILEMON: And what a queer hat you have! And your shoes, too! Why, sir, you have wings on your hat, and on your shoes, and on your staff! Can you fly? How light you are on your feet!

YOUNGER TRAV. (*sitting down on bench and letting staff fall*): Well, I am very quick on my feet, as you see ——

PHILEMON (*interrupting*): But that is a wonderful staff! Surely, it is walking and hopping. And see the snakes wriggling! Who are you, stranger, and what is your name?

YOUNGER TRAV.: I was just about to tell you that, as I am very nimble, they call me Quicksilver.

PHILEMON: Quicksilver! Quicksilver! That is an odd name. And your friend,—has he an odd name, too?

QUICKSILVER: Sh! You must ask the thunder to tell you his name. No other voi e is loud enough.

BAUCIS: Greetings, strangers! We are very poor, and have not much to offer you; but you are welcome to all we have. May I give you some milk? (*Pours milk from a jug.*)

PHILEMON: Baucis, do look at this staff! It is really hopping into the house. Look! Listen! Tap! tap! tap! tap! tap! Here it

comes! (*Staff hops to Quicksilver's chair.*)

ELDER TRAV.: What good milk this is! May I have some more?

BAUCIS: Indeed, yes!

YOUNGER TRAV.: And I should like some more, too!

BAUCIS (*whispering to Philemon*): My! what appetites! There is no more milk.

YOUNGER TRAV.: A little more milk, good Baucis. We have traveled far, and the day has been hot.

BAUCIS: Oh! good sir, I am so sorry! But there is not another drop of milk in the house. Oh! I am so ashamed! To-day I made butter, and used most of the milk. Husband, there is hardly a drop in the pitcher. Why did we eat supper to-night?

QUICKSILVER: Really, it seems to me that there is more milk in the pitcher (*taking pitcher*). Let me look. Why, of course, here is plenty of milk. (*Filling bowls again.*)

ELDER TRAV. (*drinking again*): Excuse me, good Baucis, but I must have a little more.

BAUCIS (*aside*): Surely, it is empty now. (*Pouring again, and showing surprise when milk flows out.*)

ELDER TRAV.: Thank you, and now for a slice of that excellent brown bread, and some of your honey.

BAUCIS (*cutting bread*): Ah! You make fun of our stale bread, stranger.

QUICKSILVER: Stale! Stale! Why, this bread tastes as if it had just come from the oven.

PHILEMON (*tasting a crumb*): Surely, wife, this is not the bread you gave me for my supper.

BAUCIS: Indeed, yes! But we are all bewitched, I am sure. Look at the honey. Never have we had such honey. Our bees must have been in the gardens of the gods when they gathered it.

QUICKSILVER: And these are fine grapes, too. Do you grow these grapes, good man?

PHILEMON: Yes, but we have never thought them very fine. They are small, and not very sweet.

BAUCIS (*whispering to Philemon*): These are strange people, Philemon.

PHILEMON: Perhaps they are. Certainly, they

do look as if they had seen better days. I am glad they are enjoying their supper.

ELDER TRAV.: I have never tasted better grapes. Another cup of milk, please.

(*This time Philemon takes the jug and looks into it.*)

PHILEMON: There is not a drop left. But wait! There is a fountain in the pitcher. Quick! Your cup! Let me pour before it flows. (*Pours milk.*) Who are you, wonderful strangers?

ELDER TRAV.: We are your guests, good Philemon, and your friends also. May your pitcher never be empty! And now, can you give us a place to sleep?

BAUCIS: Yes, you shall have our best bed tonight. Let me show you the way.

PHILEMON (*whispering to Quicksilver*): How did a fountain of milk ever get into our old pitcher?

QUICKSILVER (*pointing to his staff*): There is the cause of the mystery. I can't tell what to make of my staff. It is always playing such tricks as this; sometimes getting me a supper and, quite as often, stealing it away. If I had any faith in

such nonsense, I should say the stick was bewitched! (*Turning to leave the room.*) See it now! (*Staff hops out of the room after Quicksilver.*)

(*Early the next morning the old man and his wife arose, and the strangers, too, were up with the sun, getting ready to continue their journey.*)

PHILEMON: Surely, you can wait a while longer until I have milked the cow, and Baucis has baked a loaf of bread.

ELDER TRAV.: No, no, kind friends, we must be on our way. We have far to go, and it is better to start early before the heat of the day comes on. But walk to the top of the hill with us, you and Baucis, will you not?

BAUCIS: Yes indeed, and we will show you which road to take.

PHILEMON: Ah me! Well-a-day! If our neighbors only knew what a blessed thing it is to show kindness to strangers, they would tie up all their dogs, and never permit their children to fling another stone.

BAUCIS: It is a sin and a shame for them to behave so badly — that it is! And I

mean to go this very day, and tell some of them what naughty people they are!

QUICKSILVER: I fear that you will find none of them at home.

ELDER TRAV.: When men do not feel toward the poorest stranger as if he were a brother, they are unworthy to live on earth, which was created as the home of a great human brotherhood!

QUICKSILVER: By-the-bye, my dear people, where is this same village that you talk about? On which side of us does it lie? Methinks I do not see it hereabouts.

(*All turn and look down into the valley.*)

BAUCIS: What has happened? Where is the village? Why, look, Philemon! there is a lake now where the village and the fields were! What has become of them?

PHILEMON: Alas! What has become of our poor neighbors?

ELDER TRAV.: They live no longer as men and women. There was neither use nor beauty in such a life as theirs; for they never softened nor sweetened the hard lot of mortality by the exercise of kindly deeds toward other men. They had no image

of a better life in their bosoms. Therefore the lake that was there of old has spread itself forth again, to reflect the sky.

QUICKSILVER: As for those foolish people, they are all changed into fishes. Little change was needed, for they were already harsh and scaly, and the coldest-blooded beings in the world. So, now, kind Mother Baucis, whenever you or your husband have an appetite for a dish of broiled trout, you can throw in a line, and pull out half a dozen of your old neighbors!

BAUCIS: Ah! I would not for the world put one of them on the gridiron!

PHILEMON (*making a face*): No, we could never enjoy them.

ELDER TRAV.: As for you, good Philemon, and you, kind Baucis: Since with your small means, you were so generous to homeless strangers, the milk has become an unfailing fountain of nectar, and the loaf and the honey have been changed into ambrosia. Thus the gods have eaten at your table the same food that supplies their feasts on Olympus. You have

done well, my dear old friends; wherefore, ask whatever favor you have most at heart, and it is granted.

PHILEMON AND BAUCIS: Let us live together, while we live, and leave the world at the same instant, when we die. For we have always loved each other.

ELDER TRAV.: Be it so! Now, look toward your cottage!

BAUCIS: How beautiful! But where is our little cottage?

ELDER TRAV.: There is your home. Show your kindness to strangers in yonder palace, as freely as in the poor cottage to which you welcomed us last evening.

EPILOGUE

And so Philemon and Baucis went back to the beautiful palace, and lived there many years in peace and contentment. Many poor and weary travelers stopped at their door, and none was ever turned away.

But one morning Philemon and Baucis did not come with their pleasant smile to ask the guests of over night to breakfast. The guests searched the palace from top to

bottom, but could not find the old couple. Upon going out of doors to see if they were in the garden, one of the guests saw two old and stately trees growing just beyond the doorstep.

The trees had not been there the day before. One was an oak, and the other a linden. Their boughs were intertwined.

Now the other guests came out, and as they stood looking at the trees, a breeze sprang up and set the branches moving. Then there was a deep murmur in the air, as if the two mysterious trees were speaking.

"I am old Philemon!" murmured the oak.

"I am old Baucis!" murmured the linden.

As the breeze grew stronger, the trees spoke together, as if both were one.

"Philemon! Baucis! Baucis! Philemon!" they whispered. And thus the two old people spent several hundred years of happiness in giving pleasant shade and cooling breezes to the weary travelers who sat beneath their branches.

As long as the trees lived, a bountiful supply of sweet milk gushed from the miraculous pitcher; and I wish, for all

our sakes, that we had the pitcher here now!

To the Pupils:

Copy group 74 of the Vocabulary, syllabicating and marking the accented syllables.

There are two sentences in the following paragraph. Rewrite it, capitalizing and punctuating properly:

president garfield said there are some things i am afraid of i am afraid to do a mean thing

To the Teacher:

For suggestions as to the play see p. 257.

FORTY-SIXTH EVENING

The children were discussing the success of the play when Grandpa came in. They asked his opinion of the players and the play.

"You all did very well," was Grandpa's reply. "And that play teaches a great lesson,—that of kindness to others."

Through the open window came the croaking of frogs.

"Humph!" said Grandpa. "That reminds me that more people than those in the play have been punished for being unkind."

"A story! a story!" cried the children, as they drew close around Grandpa.

"Well, this is the story," said he:

Latona, whom you may remember in connection with Niobe, was once wandering with her infant children, Apollo and Diana, trying to escape from the persecutions of Juno.

During her travels, she came to the Land of Lycia.

The weather was very hot, and her children were a heavy burden. She was wearied with her long journey, and parched with thirst.

As she wandered through a valley, she came to a clear pool, where peasants were gathering rushes. Thankfully she knelt by the edge of the pool to quench her thirst, intending to raise the water in her hands. But the hard-hearted peasants would let her have none of it.

(*W. H. Rinehart*) LATONA

"Why do you deny me water?" said the goddess. "The use of water is common to all. Nature has made neither sun, nor air, nor the running stream to be the property of any one."

"Bah!" said the peasants.

In vain she told them how faint and weary she was, and begged them, for the sake of the little ones, to permit her to drink.

The wretches replied only with jeers and threats of violence, if she did not go away.

And to make it impossible for her to drink, they stirred up the mud at the bottom with their hands and feet, jumping about in the water and mocking her.

Then the anger of the goddess was roused against these hard-hearted people. Lifting up her hands to heaven, she said: "May you live in that pool forever!"

The wish of the goddess came to pass.

The peasants' backs were united to their heads, their necks disappeared, their bodies turned green and white, and all they could say was "Croak! croak! croak!"

"And that, according to the Greek story, is where the frogs came from," said Grandpa.

To the Pupils:

1. Lycia (lĭsh′ ĭ-ȧ.) Write two sentences. In the first, let the subject noun have two modifiers, and the predicate verb have one; in the second, have the opposite arrangement.

2. The prefix *im* means not; as, *im*possible, not possible.

Place the following heading at the top of your paper, and then arrange the words here given under it:

Prefix **Stem** **Suffix**

Words to be separated:

Impolite, impertinent, unsafe, teacher, learner, joyful, unkind, plenteous, fearful, lambkin, plantlet, duckling, glorious, streamlet. What is the meaning of each word?

3. Note *â* as in *câre*, *ê* as in *thêre*. Put the proper diacritical mark over the first vowel in each of the following: *rare, ere, dare, care, bear, hair, stair, spare, there, heir, where.*

To the Teacher:

Call the attention of the class to the fact that *â*=*ê*. Collect, correct, and return exercises 1 and 2.

FORTY-SEVENTH EVENING

"Well, children, what have you been doing this glorious day?" asked Grandpa as they came out on the porch where he was sitting.

"I've been watching the birds and feeding the chickens," said May.

"And I've been watching the birds and looking after the calves and the lambs," said Belle.

"And I've been watching the birds, too; when I tired of that, I went up into the hay-field to drive the oxen. Last of all, the dog and I went after the cows," said Ben.

"You certainly have all been busy," was Grandpa's remark.

"Grandpa, I never saw so many grasshoppers together as I did to-day in the hay-field. Where do they all come from?" asked Ben.

"Here is the old story," said Grandpa:

In the old Greek days, Tithonus was a beautiful youth who married Aurora, goddess of the Dawn.

Aurora asked Jupiter to give her husband immortality, and her wish was granted. But Aurora forgot to ask that another quality belonging to the gods should be given him,—that of never ending youth.

As time went on, Aurora noticed that her husband was growing older and remembered the mistake she had made. But it was then too late to correct it.

Gray hairs appeared, his teeth fell out, and he became very feeblè. He was so changed that Aurora ceased to love him. He still dwelt in the palace, however, and was fed and clothed like a god.

As Tithonus grew older and older, his voice became fainter, and his face more wrinkled. His goddess wife grew weary of seeing him, and shut him up in a distant room of the palace. At last, she turned him into a grasshopper.

The next time you see a grasshopper, catch him and look at his head. There you will find the wrinkled face of the little old man, Tithonus.

To the Pupils:

1. **Tithonus** (tĭ thō′ nŭs); **Aurora** (ạ rō′ rȧ).

2. Make a list of all the nouns that are brought to your mind by objects in or about your classroom.

3. Make a list of twenty verbs that are brought to your mind by things you have done in or about your classroom.

To the Teacher:

Call on individual pupils to read exercise No. 2.

Ask that the nouns be used as subjects and that predicates be supplied by volunteers.

On another day, use exercise No. 3 in a similar way, asking for subjects, however, instead of predicates.

FORTY-EIGHTH EVENING

"Oh-h-h-h! It's hot, Grandpa," said May as she came out on the porch where the others were sitting.

"Yes," said Grandpa. "It is hot, but even on a hot day we may see beauty. Listen to this dainty little poem":

Midsummer

When the scarlet cardinal tells
  Her dream to the dragon fly,
And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees,
  And murmurs a lullaby,
    It is July.

When the tangled cobweb pulls
  The cornflower's cap awry,
And the lilies tall lean o'er the wall
  To bow to the butterfly,
    It is July.

When the heat like a mist veil floats,
  And poppies flame in the rye,
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat
  Has softened almost to a sigh,
    It is July.

— *Susan H. Sweet.*

"Thank you, Grandpa. I like that, and I don't feel so warm now," said May.

"By the way, children, this is just the month for a straw ride."

"A straw ride," said Ben; "what is that?"

"Perhaps I had better call it a hay ride. We'll fill the big wagon with hay and go off for a moonlight ride."

"Hurrah!" said Ben. "Won't that be fun? When shall we take it?"

"Oh, in a night or two, I think," was the reply.

"Grandpa," said May, "soon fall will be here, and then winter, and then spring. Then comes summer again. What brings the seasons?"

"Let me tell you the story of the seasons," said Grandpa.

The Story of Proserpine[1]

Many, many years ago, a happy child, named Proserpine, used to wander up and down the country. All day long she gathered flowers and grasses, and sang her sweet songs to the birds and bees.

[1]Courtesy of the Educational Publishing Co. From "World History in Myth and Legend."

The trees bent softly over her, and the grasses and flowers looked up at her in joy. Everybody loved the child, for her coming always meant warmth and beauty throughout the land.

The people also loved Ceres, the mother of Proserpine. With Ceres came the fruit and the grains to ripen for the harvest.

All day long Proserpine played alone among the flowers, for Ceres had work to do in many lands.

And Proserpine was not afraid, neither was she lonely. Every flower was dear to her, and each blade of grass and stalk of grain nodded her a welcome. She was indeed the Queen of the Fields. The great trees, too, loved her. They protected her and made deep shade for her when she grew tired and fell asleep under them.

Pluto, the king of the under-world, also loved Proserpine.

One day, as she sat among the flowers, she heard a heavy rumbling sound far across the plain. Nearer and nearer came the sound. It seemed just beneath the poppy-field — just beneath her feet.

Walter Crane, 1845– *London*

THE CAPTURE OF PROSERPINE

Suddenly the earth opened wide; and, behold! a chariot of gold and silver, drawn by four black horses, appeared before the maiden.

In the chariot sat Pluto, the king of the under-world. He leaned forth from the chariot. As he came near Proserpine he lifted her from the poppy-field, and placed her beside him in the chariot.

She screamed for help, but the driver swung his whip high above the fiery horses' heads, and before Proserpine had time to think, away they flew, down, down, into the earth, — down into the country of King Pluto.

Very sad was Ceres when, at the close of the day, she could not find her daughter. Whither had she wandered? Had any one seen her that day? But no answer came. The flowers were all wilted. Even the trees had shed their leaves, and the branches stood out bare and cold against the sky.

Poor Ceres! "Some one has stolen my child!" she wept. "My beautiful, beautiful Queen of the Flowers!" Then Ceres grew angry. "Not until she is restored to me will I work again in the harvest fields," she said. "Never will I watch the grain and the fruits. Never will I care for the people of earth. Never

will I heed whether there is beauty in the land, or whether there are harvests."

And Ceres wrapped a great black robe about her, and set forth with a flaming torch to seek her child.

"O Sun God," she cried, — "thou, who seest all that happens upon earth — surely thou must know what has happened to my child!"

"Ceres," said the Sun God, "I pity thee for thy great sorrow and gladly would I help thee. This I know: that at midday, when my chariot rolled above the fields, the earth opened, and the chariot of Pluto burst forth into the sunlight. In the chariot sat the king himself. He it is, Ceres, who hath stolen your child away."

"The earth shall grieve long and bitterly for this," said Ceres. "I will have revenge upon those who allowed this cruel fate to come to my child."

Then down from the hill Ceres went with her great black robe wrapped closely about her. Her face, generally so kindly, was now dark and angry.

To the Pupils:

1. **A wry** (ȧ rī′); **Proserpine** (prŏs′ ẽr pin); **Ceres** (çē′ rēs̱); **Pluto** (plū′ tō).

2. Copy the first stanza of "Midsummer."

3. In the following lists, put the nouns and verbs together so as to make truthful declarative sentences; then change the declarative sentences to interrogative sentences.

Nouns	Nouns	Verbs	Verbs
cats	hens	coo	sing
rats	roosters	meow	neigh
dogs	robins	squeal	bark
pigeons	snakes	low	grunt
horses	owls	crow	hiss
cows	pigs	squawk	hoot

To the Teacher:

No. 2 should be written; No. 3, oral.

Phonic drill, pp. 340-345.

FORTY-NINTH EVENING

"Oh, I am so sorry for Ceres," said May, as the children gathered under the linden to hear Grandpa, as he continued the story:

On, on she wandered, till the sun sank behind the far-off purple hills. By and by, she came to a fountain and threw herself upon the green grass to weep.

For one whole year Ceres dwelt beside the fountain. Every day the grasses grew more brown and dry. The trees dropped their leaves, and no signs of either fruit or flower were to be seen upon them. The vines lay crackling and dry upon the hillsides, and there was famine in all the land.

"I do not care," Ceres would say. "The people's loss is no greater than my own. Let my child come back to me; then will I care for the children of the earth."

And now a whole year had gone by. There were neither fruits nor grains left in the storehouses of the people. There were no harvests to

gather. At last the people came together and offered great sacrifices. They begged that both Ceres and the child Proserpine might return to the earth.

Then Jupiter sent his messenger, Mercury, down into grim old Pluto's kingdom, to bid him allow Proserpine to return.

The old king raged and stormed. His face grew blacker and blacker. The earth rumbled and rocked. The people above trembled and kept close together, fearing that the parched earth would open and swallow them up.

Angrily Pluto obeyed the command of Jupiter, for he loved the beautiful Proserpine, and had made her his queen.

Go she must; but before she passed through the gate which led to the upper-world, the king persuaded her to eat one little pomegranate seed. If she ate that, he knew full well that she must some time return to him; for every one who partook of food in the under-world, must come back to that world again, sooner or later.

When Proserpine reached the upper air, the sun was sinking, and there was a sad, yellow light over all the land.

"Take me first of all," said she, "to my poor mother. Her heart has mourned for me through all these weary months."

At the fountain they found Ceres, still wrapped in her black robe and with her face hidden from sight.

"Mother! Mother!" cried Proserpine, "I am here! I am here!"

Ceres sprang to her feet! "Proserpine! Proserpine! my child! my child!" she cried; and tears of joy ran down her face as she clasped the little Flower-Queen to her heart.

Then a change began to come over the earth. When, next morning, the Sun God's chariot rose above the hills, there was a new softness and sweetness in the air. Already the grasses were pushing their way up through the leafy mold, and what had been brown was now green. Birds were singing, and the leaf buds were swelling on the branches of the trees.

"The Flower-Queen is coming," the grasses whispered. And the trees and the birds sang, "Yes, yes, the Flower-Queen is coming!"

For six months there was joy in all the land. Never were the flowers so rich and beautiful. Never was fruit so sweet, nor grain so plenti-

ful. The people filled their storehouses to overflowing. The birds poured forth their song from morn till eve. The squirrels and rabbits filled their nests, and jumped and ran in the golden fields.

One day, however, there came across the earth a sharp cold wind. But little did the people or the squirrels or the rabbits care; for their houses were now filled with fruit and grain.

But to Ceres it brought grief. "The time has come, dear mother, when I must return to the under-world," said Proserpine. "With Pluto I left my pledge that in one half year I would come back to him. But do not grieve, dear mother. Pluto is very kind to me.

"Think, too, how generous King Pluto is to all the earth; for he has promised that every other half-year I shall return to you to make you glad. And that half-year we will work together, making the earth beautiful and providing bountiful harvests.

"So now, good-by, dear mother. I hear the rolling of the chariot wheels. Do not grieve. We shall meet again. In six short months I shall return to you!"

Thus it is that every year we have six months of autumn and winter; and in the spring and summer, Proserpine is back with us, and the earth is gay with fruit and flowers.

To the Pupils:

Copy the paragraph beginning, "Think, too, how generous." Re-tell it in your own words.

To the Teacher:

Criticise these oral compositions.

Phonic drill, pp. 340-345.

FIFTIETH EVENING

True to Grandpa's promise, the big farm wagon, filled with hay, drove up to the door after supper.

HAY RIDE

The moon was shining brightly, and the air was soft and balmy. It was just the night for a straw ride.

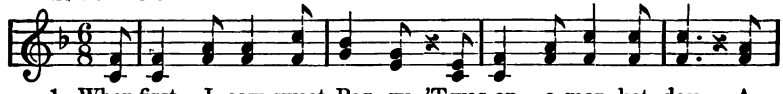
No sooner had the horses stopped at the door, than out trooped the children, big and little, for all the children's friends had been invited.

Grandpa helped them all into the wagon, climbed up himself, and they started off, singing

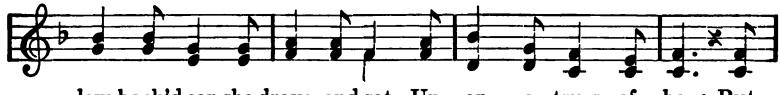
THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

SAMUEL LOVER

Irish Folk Song
Arr. J. W. D.

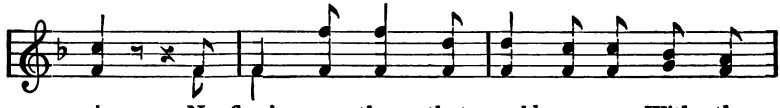


1. When first I saw sweet Peg-gy, 'T was on a mar-ket day, A
2. In bat-tle's wild com-mo-tion, The proud and might-y Mars, With

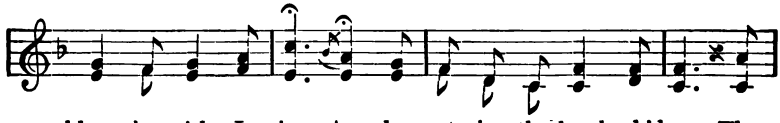


low-back'd car she drove, and sat Up-on a truss of hay; But
hos-tile scythes, de-mands his tithes Of death, in war-like cars; While

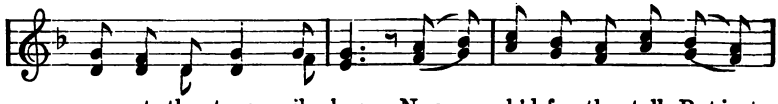
when that hay was bloom-ing grass, And deck'd with flow'rs of
Peg-gy, peace-ful god-dess, Has darts in her bright



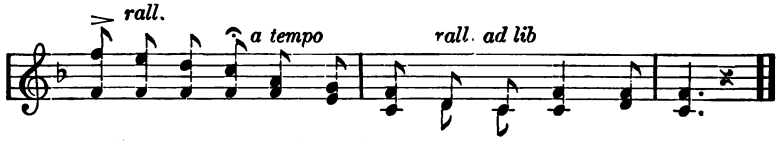
spring, No flow'r was there that would com-pare With the
eye, That knock men down in the mar-ket town, As



bloom-ing girl I sing, As she sat in the low-back'd car; The
right and left they fly, While she sits in her low-back'd car—Than



man at the turn - pike bar Nev - er ask'd for the toll, But just
bat - tles more dan - gerous far — For the doc-tor's art Can -



rubb'd his old poll, And look'd af - ter the low - back'd car.
not cure the heart That is hit from the low - back'd car.

SUMMARY OF THE PHONIC WORK

SQUARE TABLES

ă	ĕ	ĭ	ŏ	ŭ	ā	ē	ī	ō	ū
ab	eb	ib	ob	ub	abe	ebe	ibe	obe	ube
ac	ec	ic	oc	uc	ace	ece	ice	oce	uce
ad	ed	id	od	ud	ade	ede	ide	ode	ude
af	ef	if	of	uf	afe	efe	ife	ofe	ufe
ag	eg	ig	og	ug	age	ege	ige	oge	uge
ack	eck	ick	ock	uck	ake	eke	ike	oke	uke
al	el	il	ol	ul	ale	ele	ile	ole	ule
am	em	im	om	um	ame	eme	ime	ome	ume
an	en	in	on	un	ane	ene	ine	one	une
ap	ep	ip	op	up	ape	epe	ipe	ope	upe
as	es	is	os	us	ase	ese	ise	ose	use
at	et	it	ot	ut	ate	ete	ite	ote	ute
av	ev	iv	ov	uv	ave	eve	ive	ove	uve
					are	ere	ire	ore	ure

ă	ĕ	ĭ	ŏ	ŭ
an	en	in	on	un
ang	eng	ing	ong	ung
ank	enk	ink	onk	unk

LINEAR TABLES

br	ber	sp	bl	ble	ou	ow		wh
cr	ker	st	cl	cle	oi	oy		th ~~th~~
dr	der	sc	dl	dle	ai	ay	ey	ch
fr	fer	spr	fl	fle	ea	ee	ie	sh
gr	ger	str	gl	gle	ew	oo		
pr	per	scr	pl	ple	ew̄	ū		
tr	ter	sm	sl	sle	er	ir	ur	
	mer	sn	tl	tle	ōw	ō	oa	
	ner				ook	ood	ould	
	ser							
	ver							
	ler							
	her							

all aw ight ought old other any ind ful or ar y ȳ w

CONSONANT CHART

Phonics Comparison Table

Sounds in the Same Horizontal Row Have the Same, or Nearly the Same, Position of the Vocal Organs.

Breath	*Voice*	*Nasal*
p	b	m
t	d	n l r y
f	v	
s, c	z	
k, ~~c~~, ~~ch~~ (chorus)	ḡ	ng
th (thin)	~~th~~ (then)	
ch (chin; arch), tch (watch)	j	g
wh	w	
sh	zh (azure)	
h		

To teach the pupil to differentiate breath, voice, and nasal sounds by touch: With his hand on his throat he can feel no motion when breath sounds are emitted by him, but he can when voice sounds are sent out. The nasal sounds may be felt by placing the first two fingers alongside the nose, with the tip of the thumb at the throat.

SOME PHONIC MISTAKES TO BE AVOIDED

Pŭ for *p* (blow out a candle); dŭ for *d*; wŭ for *w* (oo); whŭ for *wh* (blow an imaginary feather = hoo); f for *th* (place the tongue between the teeth and send the breath or voice over it); tŭ for *t*; kŭ for *k*.

Improper breathing will cause mistakes; sound on the expiration.

In sounding the hissing *s* and hushing *sh*, the breath must flow over the point of the tongue. Therefore, the tip must not touch the front palate or the teeth, or a lisp will result.

In sounding *l*, the tip of the tongue must touch the anterior part of the hard palate just at the gums, or the proper ringing sound will be lacking.

In sounding *ing*, the tip of the tongue must not be lowered, otherwise the nasal quality will be lost.

Following are the pages in the Finger-Play Reader, Part I, in which certain sounds are explained: *m*, 3 and 12; *s*, 2; *ee*, 12; *n*, 12; *p*, 14; *h*, 24; *l*, 30; *ay*, 34; *wh*, 40; *w*, 44.

Have the pupils use a mirror when practising.

Oral gymnastics should be indulged in when necessary.

If you have a class of foreign-born children, you will have to combat many peculiarities in the action of their vocal organs, which have become fixed through many years' practice in their native tongue. Let each pupil use the mirror in these exercises, as this will be found helpful.

EXERCISES FOR ORAL GYMNASTICS

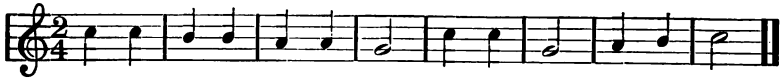
1. Projection of the tongue as far as possible anteriorly.
2. Movement of the tongue freely within the buccal cavity.
3. By order: Tongue between teeth; tip of the tongue at top of the upper teeth; tip of tongue at roof of mouth. To be done slowly at first, and then gradually more rapidly.
4. Open the mouth wide (two fingers). Say, *ah*, *ee*, *oo*, slowly.
5. Move the lower jaw from side to side.

These exercises, used sufficiently, will give flexibility where needed; a few minutes' practice each day on the square and linear phonic tables will not only give accuracy in enunciation, but will also attune the pupils' ears to nice distinctions in speech.

A PAGE FOR REVIEW PURPOSES

The teacher should always use the pitch pipe in this exercise. Sound either D flat or C, and have the pupils make their responses in the tone you have given. Occasionally, the scale may be sung, using one of the phonograms instead of Do, Re, Mi, Fa, etc. The exercise may also be varied by asking the pupils to sing the phonogram in intervals which the teacher dictates or places on the board in musical notation; as, 1–3–5–8; 2–4–6; etc.; or:

Sing very slowly



Ung, ung, ung, ung, ung, ung, ung, ung, ung, ung, ung, ung, ung.

Quality of tone very soft and pure. Pronounce final consonants very clearly, even if exaggerated. Use the phonogram selected by the teacher.

WORDS TO BE PRACTISED FOR PRONUNCIATION

DICTIONARY MARKINGS:

sac′ ri fice (săk′ rĭ fīz)
ga′ rage (gȧ′ räzh′ or găr′ ȧj)
tab′ leau (tăb′ lō or tȧ′ blō′)
vac′ ci na tion (nā′ shŭn)
leop′ ard (lĕp′ ẽrd)
her′ o ism (ĭz′m)
bron chi′ tis (brŏn kī′ tĭs)
il lus′ trate (ĭ lŭs′ trāt or ĭl′ ŭs trāt)
i′ vo ry (ī′ vŏ rĭ)
civ′ il (ĭl)
ca nine′ (kȧ nīn′ or kā′ nīn)
as sured′ (ã shōōred′)

chauf feur (shō′ fûr′)
bou quet′ (bōō kā′)
bi′ cy cle (bī′ sĭ k′l)
hos′ tile (hŏs′ tĭl)
ob lique′ (ŏb lēk′ or līk′)
part′ ner (pärt′ nẽr)
ro bust′ (rŏ bŭst′)
debt (dĕt)
al′ ien (āl′ yĕn)
mis′ chie vous (mĭs′ chĭ vŭs)
salm′ on (săm′ ŭn)
A si a (ā shĭ ȧ or shȧ)
Æ e tes (e ē′ tēz)

DIACRITICAL MARKINGS:

ac clī′ māte
dŏc′ ile
gŏn′ dŏ lȧ
ĭn′ quīr y
cŏm′ răde
ex tŏl′
his′ to ry
grī′ mȳ
ē nẽr′ vāte
gäpe
hound
Ăb′ ĭ gāl
glȧ dĭ′ ō lŭs
ho rĭ′ zon
Ă dō′ nĭs

WORD CHOICE:

The italicized word in each of the following sentences is wrongly used. Put the proper word from the given lists in its place.

by	learn	lovely	can	love
for	teach	pleasant	may	like

1. My father works *by* a tailor.
2. We had a *lovely* time yesterday.
3. Mr. Mannes is *learning* me the violin.
4. *Can* I go with you?
5. I *love* ice cream.

ADDITIONAL EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE:

Fill the blank spaces with the proper form of *blow.*

blow blew blown

1. John —— the light out.
2. The light was —— out by John.
3. Never —— a gas light out!

Fill the blank spaces with the proper form of *grow.*

grow grew grown

1. And the thorns —— up and choked it.— *Bible.*
2. And out of the ground made the Lord God to —— every tree.—*Bible.*
3. When Moses was ——, he went unto his brethren.— *Bible.*

The following words may also be taken up: do, go, know, see, come.

FOREIGN IDIOMS

If the class is addicted to the use of foreign idioms, the teacher should strive to cure this defect. When a pupil uses a foreign idiom, an effort should be made to get him to restate it in correct form. Thus, for "It stood in the paper," "I find this in the paper," or some equivalent expression. When the following exercise is found necessary, the pupils should be asked to use the English equivalents, or paraphrases, of the foreign idioms.

FOREIGN IDIOMS	ENGLISH EQUIVALENTS
I got a mad on her.	I am angry at her.
I went on a wedding.	I went to a wedding.
I combed myself.	I combed my hair.
Yesterday night.	Last night.
To-day night.	To-night.
Over yesterday.	Day before yesterday.
Over to-morrow.	Day after to-morrow.
It stands like so in the paper.	The paper says.
It stood in the paper.	The paper said.
Two weeks around.	In two weeks.
She has a fraid.	She is afraid.
I got the heart clapping.	My heart beats quickly.
My eats was not ready.	My dinner was not ready.

VOCABULARY

1

a bid ing
Ab i gail
A bou Ben Ad hem
A bra ham
ac cept
ac ci den tal
aches
ac o nite
ac tu al ly
a dept

2

ad mi ra tion
A do nis
ad vanced
ad ven tures
Æ e tes
Af ri ca
a glow
ag o ny
a greed
aisles

3

A jax
al ien
Al phe us
al tar
Am a zons
am mu ni tion
Am phi on
Am ster dam
an chored
An drom e da

4

a nem o ne
an gles
an gri ly
an noy ing
an nu al
a noint ed
An tæ us
an them
anx ious ly
ap pe tites

5

ap plies
ap proach
ap prov al
Ar go nauts
Ar gus
ar range
ar rive
ar rows
as cribe
A si a

6

as sured
at tack
At lan tic
At las
at tempt
at ti tude
Auck land
au di ence
Au ge an
Au ro ra

7

au tumn
awk ward
a wry
Bag dad
bag gage
bal ance
balm y
bar gain
bar on
Bar num

8

bas soon
bathed
Bau cis
beau ti ful ly
Bee tho ven
beg gar
be haved
be reft
be wil der
birch

9

blame
bleak
blood
blur
blush ing
boar
borne
bos om
bound a ry
boun te ous

10

brawn y
breech es
brisk ly
brood
Brook lyn
Brown ing
Bruns wick
Bry ant
bu gler
bulk y

11

burgh er
bush els
Cæ sar, Ju li us
Ca liph
cal la lil y
calm
Can a da
ca na ry
can non
car cass es

12

car di nal
care less
carved
cas cades
Cas si o pe ia
cav ern
Ca wein, Mad i son
cease less
cen taur
cen tu ries

13

Ce pheus
Cer be rus
cham pi on
chants
char ac ter
char i ty
charm ing
chase
Chau cer, Geof-
frey
cher ished

14

chief ly
chip munk
Chi ron
cho sen
chuck le
ci der
civ ic
clar i net
clash
clean li ness

15

club
cof fee
col lege
col umn
com bat
com fort a ble
com men ta ry
com mit ted
com pan ion
com plete

16

con certs
con clude
con demned
con fu sion
con nec tion
con sist
con stel la tion
con ster na tion
con sult
con tin u al ly

17

co nun drum
con ver sa tion
cor al
corks
Cor nell
cor po ra tion
coun cil
Coun cil Bluffs Mo.
coun te nance
cou ri er

18

Cre tan
crim son
croak ing
croon
crowds
crunch
crush
crust
cudg el
cul prit

19

cup board
cu ri ous
cur rant
cur rent
curse
dai ly
dam age
dan ger ous
dan gled
dead ly

20

death
dec o ra ted
de cree
de fi ant
de Hooch
De i a nei ra
de li cious
de ny
de scribes
de sired

21

des o late
de spair
de struc tion
de ter mine
de voured
Dick ens
dif fi cult
dikes
Di o me des
di rec tion

22

dirt y
dis cuss ing
dis dained
dis solve
dis tin guish
dis tressed
dit ty
Di ves
di vin i ty
dolts

23

doom
dough nut
Drake, Jo seph Rod man
dread ed
dripped
droop ing
Dry ads
Dry o pe
du el
du ty

24

dumb
du ties
du ty
dwelt
ea ger ness
ear nest
ech o ing
ed i ble
ef fect
ei ther

25

e lect ed
E li ab
em ber
em ployed
emp ty
en a ble
en close
en deav or
en dure
en e my

26

en rap tured
e phah
Ep i me theus
er rand
es pe cial ly
Eu rope
Eu rys theus
e vil
ex act ly
ex am ine

27

ex cept
ex cit ed ly
ex cite ment
ex cla ma tion
ex pect ed
ex plain
ex plod ed
ex tend ed
ex traor di na ry
faint

28

fal low deer
fam ine
fa mous
fan gled
fash ion
fas ten ed
fate
fault
fa vor ite
feath er y

29

fee ble
fe ver
fig ures
files
fi nal ly
fish er man
flail
flank ing
flask
flax en

30

fleece
flesh
flit ting
floods
flut ing
flut ter ing
foes
fol low ed
force
for eign

31

for ma tion
for tu nate ly
fowls
frail
France
fray
frown
fudge
ful ly
fu ner al

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fu ri ous ly
fu ry
fu ture
fuz zy
Gan y mede
gar age
gaze
gen er al ly
gen er ous
ge og ra phy

33

Ge ry on
Gi bral tar
gifts
Gil bo a, Mount
gir dle
glad ly
glanced
glo ri ous
glum
glu ti nous

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gnats
goal
god less
Go li ath
gored
Gor gon's
gos pel
gos sa mer
grace
gra cious

35

graz ing
Greek
greet ing
grid i ron
gripe
grove
guard ed
guard i an
guil der
gushed

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gym na si um
ham a dry ads
Ham e lin
Hanks, Nan cy
Han o ver
har bin ger
har dy
Har pé
har pies
har vest

37

hearth
heart i ly
heav ing
He be
He bron
hedge hog
height
He li os
hence
he pat i ca

38

her ald
Her cu les
herd
Hes per i des
hew
Hip pol y ta
hiss ing
his to ry
hob ble
hor ri ble

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hos tel ry
hov er ed
howls
hue
huge
hu man
hust ling
hy dra
im mense
im mor tal

40

im mor tal i ty
im pa tient
im per ish a ble
im por tant
im pos si ble
inch
in crease
in dus tri ous
in dus tri ous ly
in dus try

41

in fant
in for ma tion
in ju ry
in no cent
in quir ing
I o le
in so lent
in stru ment
in ter twined
in vis i ble

42

Iph i cles
Ish bo sheth
It a ly
Ja son
jeal ous
jeers
Je ho vah
Jes se
joined
joke

43

Jon a than
joy ous
Ju dah
judge
jui cy
jun cos
Ju no
Ju pi ter
Kan sas
Ka u ri

44

Keats
kith and kin
knock
knuck les
Kop pel berg
la bor er
la dles
lair
lam en ta tion
land scape

45

Lat in
La to na
laugh ter
lau rel
law yer
Laz a rus
lei sure ly
length
lev el
lib er ty

46

li bra ry
li chen
lim it less
Lin coln
lin ger ing
loath
lo cate
loi ter
lone some
lo tos

47

love ly
low er ed
Ly chas
mag a zine
mag net
main land
man do lin
man u script
Ma o ris
Mar ry att

48

mas ter y
may or
Me de a
Me du sa
meek est
mel low
mel o dy
mem bers
Mem phis
Mer cu ry

49

mer ri ly
mes sen ger
Mi chael
might y
Mil ton
Mi ner va
min is tered
mi rac u lous
mis sile
mis tress

50

mod est ly
Mo hawk
mo las ses
mole
mon ster
mon strous
mor tal
mot to
mourn
mul ti tude

51

munch
Mun chau sen
mur der
mu sic al
mu si cian
musk rat
mu ti nous
mut ter ing
My ce næ
mys ter y

52

Na bal
na i ads
na tion
na tion al
nat u ral ly
nee dle
neigh
Ne me an
Ne reus
Nes sus

53

New York
New Zea land
niece
nim ble
nom ads
or no mads
north ern
Nor we gi an
nu mer ous
nymphs
obese

54

o bey
ob ject
o boe
oc ca sion
oc ca sion al ly
oc cu pied
oc cur
O ce a nus
o dor
of fend ed

55

of fer ing
oint ment
o pin ion
op por tu ni ty
or ches tra
O re ad
o val
owed
pack age
pad dle

56

Paul
Pan do ra
pa per
par a pet
par tial ly
pas sage
pate
pa tri ot ic
pa vil ion
pearl y

57

peer
Peg a sus
pelt ed
pen cil
per fect
per form ers
per mit ted
per se cu tions
Per seus
per suad ed

58

Pe ter
Phi le mon
Phi lis tine
phi los o phy
Phi neus
pho to graph
pi a no
pick le
pic nic
pie bald

59

Pied Pi per
pil lars
plague
plain tive
pledge
plunge
Plu to
po et ry
Po mo na
porch

60

por tal
pos si ble
post age
pow er ful
praise
preach er
pre ced ing
prep a ra tions
pre pared

61

pres ence
pres ent ly
prey
prime
prince ly
pro ceed ed
pro ces sion
Pro me theus
proof
prop er

62

prop er ty

proph et
Pros er pine
pros pect
pros per i ty
pro tec tion
proved
pro vide
pul pit
punch

63

pur pose
puz zled
pyg my
quake
quell
quench
ques tion
quiv er ing
quoth
rack ing

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raise
rap id ly
rate
re al i ty
rea son
rec ol lect
re cord
rec ord
re cov er ing
ref er ee

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re flec tion
reg u lar
re hears al
reigned
re joice
re lief
re main der
re mark a ble
rem e dy
re mind ed

66

re moved
re peat ed
re plen ish
re proved
re quires
res cue
re tired
rev el ry
re venge
re ward ed

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Rhone
rhyme
rib ald
right eous
robe
Rob ert
Rome
rough
rouse
rud der

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rude
rue
Ryk's Mu se um
sac ri fice
sa lut ed
san dals
Sa rah
sa tyrs
Saul
scal y

69

scarf
scar let
scene
scent
scor pi ons
scrap ing
screw
scorn
se cret ly
sen try

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sep a ra ted
ser e nade
se ri ous
set tled
se vere
se ver i ty
shaft
sheath
Shel ley
sheen

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shield
shim mer ing
shock ing
shone
shoot ing
show er
shriek ing
shrink
sighed
sig nal

72

sim ple
sing ers
sin gle
skil ful
skin ny
slant ing
slate
slew
slight ly
slush y

73

small er
smooth
snakes
snarl ing
sneak
soaked
snow y
sob bing
so cia ble
sol emn

74

soup
south ern
spark ling
spar rows
spears
spec ta tors
speed i er
speed i ly
spied
spir it

75

spite
spit ting
splen did ly
split
spoiled
sprats
spray
spread ing
sprigs
sports

76

sprite
sta ble
stag
stalls
stalk ing
stamp
stat ed
stat ues
steeped
stings

77

stirred
stooped
stout
St. Pe ters burg
straits
stran ger
streak
stress
strict ly
stri ding

78

stripe
stroke

stron gest
strug gling
stubbed
stum bled
stung
Stym pha li an
sub ter ra ne ous
suc cess ful

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suf fer
sug ar
sulk y
sum mit
su per hu man
sur ren der
sur viv or
swamp
swarm ing
swarth y

80

sway
sweet-tem pered
swing ing
sworn
sym pa thy
syr up
tab let
ta bor
tamed
Tar ta ry

81

task
taste
taught
tav ern
taw ny
tel e gram
tempt ed
ter rif ic
test
text

82

theft
them selves
Thes sa ly
thou sand
Thrace
threat en
thren o dy
thrift y
thrills
thriv ing

83

throats
thrusts
tight er
tinged
Ti tho nus
toad
toiled
tomb stone
tone
tons

84

torch
tor ment
tor ture
touched
tour
trace
trained
tramp
trans gres sion
trans port ed

85

Tran syl va ni a
trap
treat ed
tre panned
tres pass
tri an gu lar
tribe
trick led
tri fling
tripe

86

troughs
tuft
tur tle
tusk
twelve
um brel la
u ni form
u nite
u ni ver si ty
un rolled

87

U ri ah Heep
u su al ly
u ten sils
vain
vam pire
var nish
vast
vat
veins
Ve nus

88

ver i ly
ver mil ion
ver min
ves ture
vic tim
vic to ri ous
vic to ry
view
vig or ous ly
vi o lence

89

vi o lets
vi per
vir e o
vi sion
vol ley
Vul can
Wales
wam pum
war bler
warned

90

warn ings
wa ver ing
weap ons
weath er
wel come
Wel ling ton
Welsh
whet stone
whose
wield

91

wilt ed
win try
woe
wolf's bane
won drous
wor ried
wor ship
wrapped
wretch ed
wrin kles

92

wrought
yield ed
yoke
young sters

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